

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 14, 1962

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER MAGAZINE



ADLAI STEVENSON

VOL. LXXX NO. 24

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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The gift as good as gold. From its distinctive point to its luxurious base, a superb Sheaffer Desk Set is worth far more than its weight in you-know-what. For it serves faithfully at fingertip reach—not just on Christmas Day, but every day of the year. Smoothly and easily, it captures the individuality of a signature; adds warmth to personal notes. Even when not in use, the Sheaffer pen rests at an exclusive angle, poised for action. How thoughtful can a gift be! **SHEAFFER'S**

Why Sheaffer's? For one thing, Sheaffer's exclusive air-tight socket keeps the 14-karat gold point always properly moist for instant writing. Choose from a wide variety of Sheaffer Desk Sets now at your dealers. For home or office, man or woman. Bases can have name plate for personalizing gift. \$4.95 to \$125.00. (Set shown, \$30.00 in jet crystal.)

Money's all right, if you care for that sort of thing

You'll never hear us giving money a bad name. We like it, and we like to do business with people who have it.

But we have a thing here that works even better than money, according to many who have tried it. This is such an unusual claim that we'd like to tell you about it.

What we have is a genuine all-purpose credit card.

Restaurants like it. Hotels and motels like it. Fine shops and stores of many kinds like it. Florists like it. Air lines, car rental services, filling stations like it. And the people who like *Carte Blanche* best of all are those who carry it.

Credit Card Binge

One slim white plastic rectangle, with your name on it, enables you to get rid of the oddball miscellany of cards you may have accumulated, perhaps without even trying, back in the days when credit cards were collected the way kids collect bubble gum cards.

The trouble with the credit card binge was that everybody got into the act, both ways. Thousands of places issued them, millions of men carried them. A status symbol quickly became a laughingstock. The only people who were really happy about the situation were the manufacturers of wallets. Herds of steers, hordes of pigs, and assemblies of alligators were slaughtered to provide the card carriers with their portable filing cabinets—and the tailors of America shuddered at what happened to a suit when lumpy bundle of pasteboard and plastic was dumped into the pockets.

For Solid Citizens

Just when good old-fashioned cash was about to stage a triumphant comeback, the Hilton people issued a credit card that went to the head of the class, and remains there.

Its name is "Carte Blanche," the credit card that carries more weight.

You can't get *Carte Blanche* unless you meet certain standards that establish you as a solid citizen with a good credit record. But once you have *Carte Blanche*, it signifies to all concerned that you're the kind of customer they want. You're dependable and respectable.

You pay your bills. If you were in a television Western you'd be wearing a white hat.

Carte Blanche also stamps you as a man who knows his way around the best places. This one card is your passport to more than 100,000 fine establishments throughout the United States. For example, *Carte Blanche* is the only credit card endorsed by the National Restaurant Association.

These firms welcome *Carte Blanche*. We pay them faster than other national credit services do, and we charge them less for the service. So the *Carte Blanche* man is welcomed by them.

Help at Tax Time

Finally: have you read the new Internal Revenue regulations about business entertainment deductions? *Carte Blanche* receipts give you room to write in the kind of information the tax man will want to know.

Carte Blanche has an honest face. If you already have an honest face, *Carte Blanche* gives you another. As you know, there are times when your own honest face isn't enough.

Money? Sure you need money to pay the bills we send you. But you don't need to tote a lot of it around. And *Carte Blanche* says things about you that mere money doesn't say—and can't.

It says, "He's good for this tab—and there's more where that came from."

It says, "This is a man worth knowing. Take excellent care of him. He deserves it."

Carte Blanche, 8544 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 69, California

THE CREDIT CARD THAT CARRIES MORE WEIGHT

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1667
IN THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES II

AND
SUBSEQUENTLY
BY APPOINTMENT
TO
H.M. KING WILLIAM IV
1830
H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA
1837
H.M. KING EDWARD VII
1901
H.M. KING GEORGE V
1910
H.M. KING GEORGE VI
1936
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
1924
H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN
1905
H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN
1886
H.M. THE KING OF PORTUGAL
1907
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
1889



What is the standard of kings? Hedges & Butler knows it intimately. For three centuries this House —continuously carried on by members of one family—has enjoyed the patronage of kings, princes, prime ministers and others of world-renowned reputation and discernment. It is to this standard of quality that Hedges & Butler Royal Scotch was created. Matured to pure perfection, it is softly mellow, distinctively fragrant, without a hint of heaviness. Literally, Scotch of kingly character, it rules with a light hand, authoritative but tactful. Pour it with pride, recall it with pleasure ... with Hedges & Butler Royal you are in the company of kings.



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& Butler
ROYAL
scotch**

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Holiday Greetings

BY WESTERN UNION

WHAT A WONDERFUL WAY TO MAKE SOMEONE YOU THINK IMPORTANT
FEEL IMPORTANT. YOUR CHRISTMAS TELEGRAM IS MORE THAN A
GREETING...IT'S A SPECIAL EVENT. NO OTHER GREETING ARRIVES
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AND UNFORGETTABLE AT THE SAME TIME? EASY.
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Everybody Go Home. Alberto Sordi is fairly funny in a fairly funny comedy about Italy's armed farces during World War II.

The Reluctant Saint. Maximilian Schell attains new histrionic heights in the amusing, amazing story of San Giuseppe of Cupertino (1603-63), a saint who could literally fly.

Two for the Seesaw. Love comes to Gittel Moscovitz in a pretty funny film version of William Gibson's play about what happens when a blue-eyed Babbitt from Omaha meets a blackstocking in Greenwich Village.

The Long Absence. The old reliable Enoch Arden story, told with skill and significant variations by France's Henri Colpi.

Mutiny on the Bounty. M-G-M's \$18.5 million reconstruction of *The Bounty* goes bounding along at a great rate for two hours, but all at once the story springs a leak and sinks beneath contempt. Marlon Brando is a sight too cute as Fletcher Christian, but even in disaster Trevor Howard makes a superlative curmudgeon of Captain Bligh.

Gypsy. Rosalind Russell is loud and funny in this stripping good show, from the Broadway musical abstracted from Gypsy Rose Lee's autobiography.

Billy Budd. Herman Melville's didactic tale has been transformed by Peter Ustinov—who directed the picture, helped write the script, and plays one of the leading roles—into a vividly affecting film.

Long Day's Journey into Night. Eugene O'Neill's play, one of the greatest of the century, is brought to the screen without significant changes and with a better than competent cast: Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards Jr. and Dean Stockwell.

TELEVISION

Wed., Dec. 12

CBS Reports (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.)^{*} Two days before the Mariner II space probe passes within 21,000 miles of Venus, CBS probes the possible discoveries that its instruments could make.

The Beverly Hillbillies (CBS, 9:30 p.m.). The Clampetts open fire on some of their Hollywood neighbors in the show that has topped the season's ratings.

Fri., Dec. 14

The Jack Paar Program (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Films of Paar & family in Africa plus Guest Stars Jonathan Winters and Robert Merrill.

Eye witness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The top news story of the week.

Sat., Dec. 15

Football (CBS, 4:30 p.m. to end). Cleveland Browns v. San Francisco Forty-Niners.

As Caesar Sees It (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Having conquered unfamiliar Broadway in *Little Me*, great Caesar is having a rough go this fall in his own accustomed medium. This is his third of nine specials, hopefully the first good one.

* All times E.S.T.

Sun., Dec. 16

This Is NBC News (NBC, 4:30-5 p.m.). Synopsis of the top news stories of the week.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The story of two Russian divisions that defected during the Second World War and fought for the Nazis.

The Sunday Night Movie (ABC, 8-10 p.m.). Orson Welles and Gregory Peck in *Moby Dick*.

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Guests: Singers Howard Keel and Patrice Munsel. Dancers Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise.

Howard K. Smith (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). News and comment, but mostly comment.

Mon., Dec. 17

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Cuban rebels training in Florida and a look at the military dictatorship in Paraguay.

Tues., Dec. 18

Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A cartoon version of Dickens' story, featuring Jim Backus as Mr. Magoo and Ebenezer Scrooge.

Close-Up (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A sweeping look at seven-year-old kids everywhere, from Japan to Texas, Italy to India, what they think, do, say and suffer.

THEATER

On Broadway

Never Too Late, by Sumner Arthur Long, is a one-gag, all-night laugh show about a chagrined man of 60 who finds himself facing the unexpected onslaught of second fatherhood. As the father-to-be, Paul Howard is an excruciatingly funny anomaly of melancholy, and Orson Bean, as his son-in-law, is a hilariously beguiling buffoon.

Little Me, in a one-man comic population explosion, Sid Caesar plays all seven men in the farcical musical-comedy saga of Bell Poitrine, the all-American show girl originally lampooned in Patrick Dennis' novel. For rampagingly frivolous fun, this is it.

Beyond the Fringe, four monstrously clever and wildly amusing young graduates of Oxford and Cambridge gleefully smash the icons of any and all Establishments, from Shakespeare to nuclear defense.

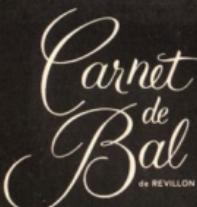
Techin-Tchin, opposites, who are also rejects, attract each other in this sad, amusing, pathetic fable about an Italo-American contractor and a proper Englishwoman who try to be adult about their mutually adulterous spouses. Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn give the two roles rare distinction.

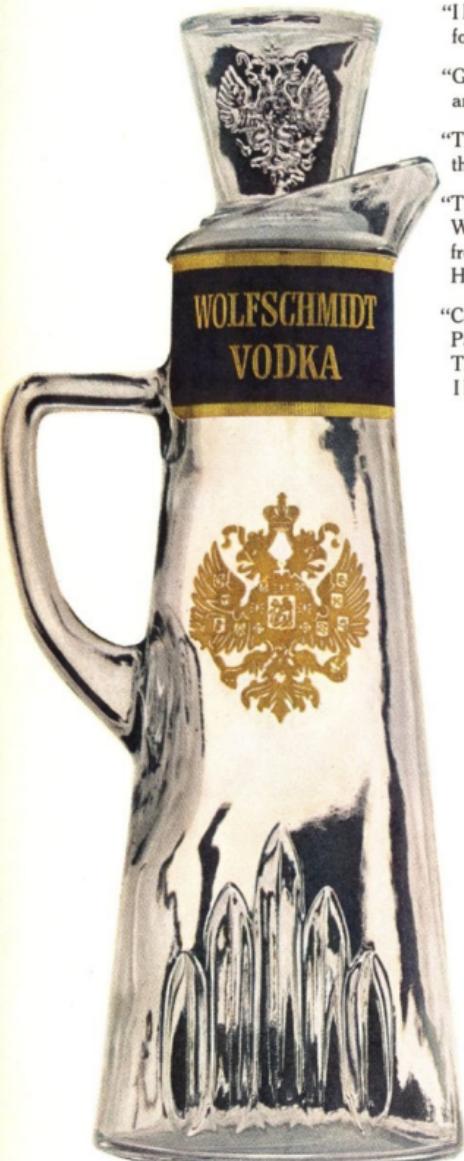
Mr. President, impeaches taste and means the considerable talents of Robert Ryan and Nanette Fabray, but the public has given this musical an unparalleled vote of confidence with an advance ticket sale of over \$2,600,000.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by Edward Albee, examines the sterility of a marriage, and of modern U.S. life, with cold fury. As the warring couple, Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen give performances of indelible brilliance.

The Affair has been expertly adapted

5.00 to 65.00 plus tax





"I love to dress up
for the holidays.

"Give me to people you like
and I will make them happy.

"They will admire
the way I look.

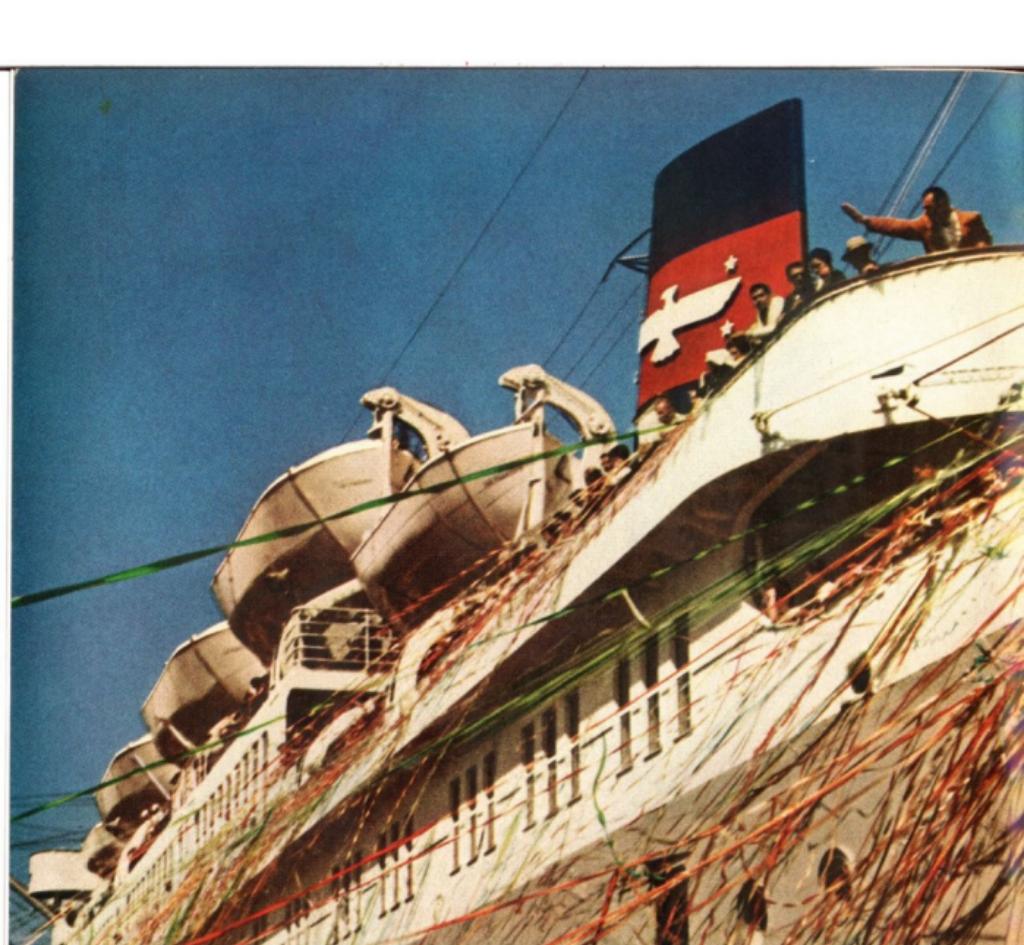
"They will say
Wolfschmidt is different
from other vodkas.
He has taste.

"Carols. Bells. Holly.
Parties. Good fellowship.
This is the season
I like the best."



"Bah!
Humbug!"

For the first time we reveal the two faces of Wolfschmidt. First, Beau Brummell Wolfschmidt, an incredibly elegant vodka obsessed with the notion that he is the perfect Christmas gift. Second, plain old Wolfschmidt, a regular fellow who likes to sit around the bar and shoot the breeze. Either way you look at it, Wolfschmidt vodka has taste. (The delicate touch of taste that marks genuine old world vodka.)

**JANUARY**

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
		1	2			
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

MARCH

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
		1	2			
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	

Every two weeks, a great President Liner sails on a once-in-a-lifetime trip!

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from C. P. Snow's novel and revolves around the issue of justice toward an ideological enemy. A predominantly British cast evokes the doleful flavor of a university common room turned courtroom.

Off Broadway

The Dumbwaiter and **The Collection**, by Harold Pinter. These two one-acters combine the comedy and menace of England's most powerfully provocative playwright. Alan Schneider's direction of a splendid cast seismographically records volcanic shifts of meaning.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Conquest of London and **The Middle Years, Vols. II and III** of **Henry James**, by Leon Edel. Author Edel's vast work, which will run to four volumes and which promises to be the definitive biography of James, is written with a scholar's exhaustive combing of detail and a novelist's flair for mood and motive.

Two Stories and a Memory, by Giuseppe di Lampedusa. Excellent minor pieces by the Sicilian prince whose elegiac novel of nobility's erosion, *The Leopard*, was a bestseller two years ago. The author's memoir of the great houses he lived in as a child is particularly good.

The Cape Cod Lighter, by John O'Hara. The author writes better than ever of heels and down-at-the-heels in Gibbstown, Pa., and small-town New Jersey.

Tale for the Mirror, by Hortense Calisher. One of the rare mistresses of the short story in a three-star excursion to Exurbia-on-Hudson.

The Community of Scholars and Drawing the Line, by Paul Goodman. An uneven but provocative display of literary fireworks by a critic who finds U.S. colleges and cold war thinking otiose.

Renoir, My Father, by Jean Renoir. The author, who as a boy sat for his father, the great Impressionist painter, now turns portraitist, and his biography is one of the most likable in years.

The Letters of Oscar Wilde, edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. This first complete collection reveals the thoughtful side of a man whose life often seemed dedicated to the unimportance of being earnest.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Fail-Safe**, Buryard and Wheeler (3, last week)
2. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury (1)
4. **The Thin Red Line**, Jones (7)
5. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (5)
6. **Dear Beloved**, Lindbergh (6)
7. **Where Love Has Gone**, Robbins (4)
8. **The Passion Flower Hotel**, Erskine (9)
9. **Genius**, Dennis
10. **The Prize**, Wallace (8)

NONFICTION

1. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (2)
2. **Silent Spring**, Carson (1)
3. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps**, Hudson (3)
4. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (5)
5. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (4)
6. **Letters from the Earth**, Twain (8)
7. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns (7)
8. **The Blue Nile**, Moorehead (6)
9. **The Pyramid Climbers**, Packard (9)
10. **The Points of My Compass**, White



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SIP,
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Merton Sunshine, Executive Director.



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Just add snow

Then flip the switch and plow out the driveway and sidewalk in a jiffy. No gas, no oil, no back-breaking labor—just the convenience of electricity.

So simple, but only Sunbeam thought of it (our engineers have a habit of being first with new things). So right for the average homeowner. If that's you, save yourself hours of drudgery this winter with a Sunbeam electric snow thrower.

But if you live in Phoenix or Miami where you can't add snow, just wait . . . Sunbeam will be out soon with something new and wonderful for you!

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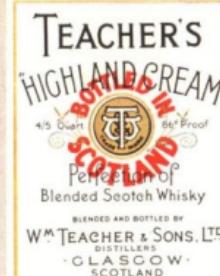


HALF

Isn't good enough

*We believe Scotch
Whisky should be
Scottish all the way*

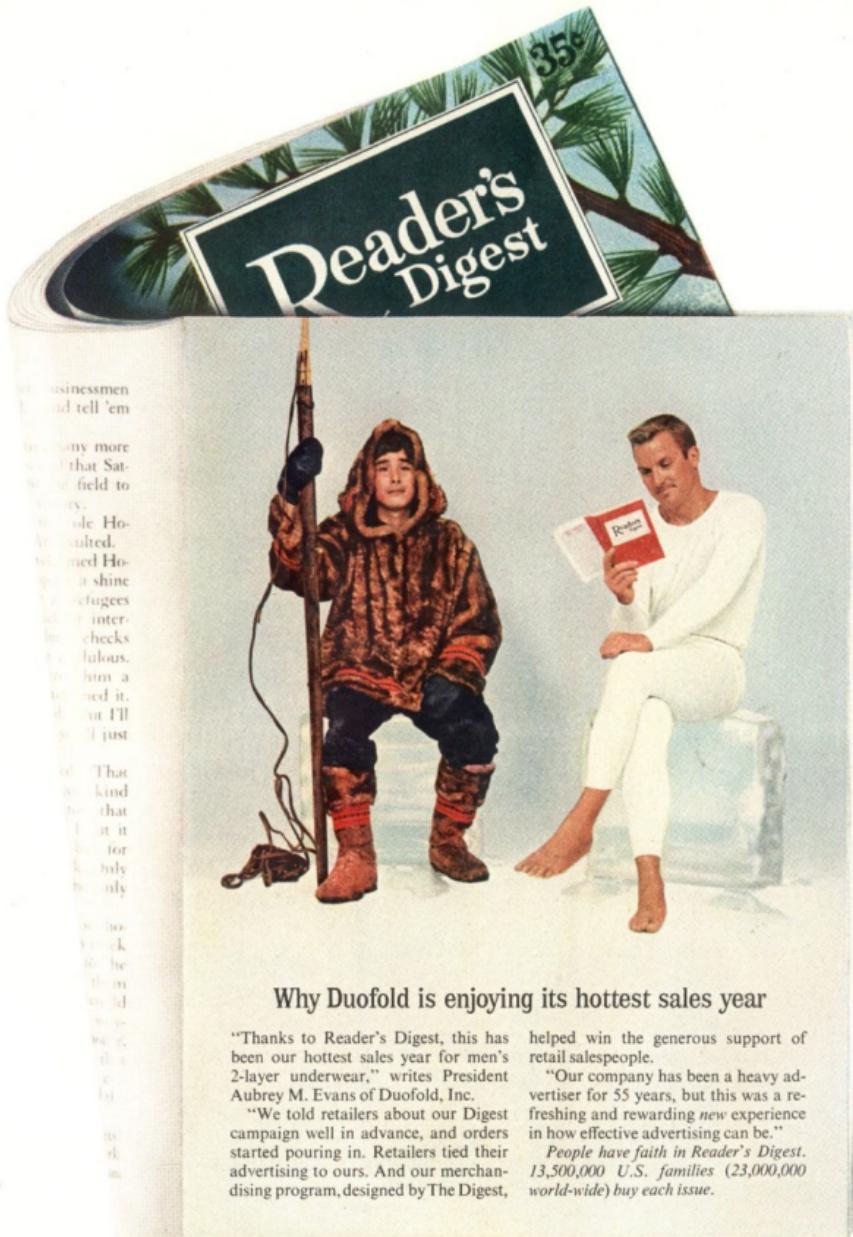
- Teacher's is produced in Scotland
- Teacher's is bottled only in Scotland



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Taste it in our whisky
The flavour is
unmistakable*

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Highland Cream
Scotch Whisky

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY - 86 PROOF - SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK



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helped win the generous support of retail salespeople.

"Our company has been a heavy advertiser for 55 years, but this was a refreshing and rewarding *new* experience in how effective advertising can be."

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 13,500,000 U.S. families (23,000,000 world-wide) buy each issue.

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:

I nominate Adlai E. Stevenson for Man of the Year. His conduct and statesmanship during the Cuban crisis, as well as throughout his entire public career, have been a representation to the world of this country's integrity and firm determination in its quest for a genuine peace.

THOMAS NOONAN, '63

Chaminade College Preparatory
St. Louis

Sir:

For two years in succession my fifth-grade class selected the same Man of the Year as the one chosen by the editors of TIME. This year the 28 pupils in the class gave John F. Kennedy 15 votes, John Glenn eight and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt five.

CURN C. HARVEY

McCoy Elementary School
Aztec, N. Mex.

Sir:

The "Eurocrats," be they the political leaders of the Common Market countries or the great industrialists of these countries.

K. D. SCHAEFER

Johannesburg

Sir:

A man who is still defending the once highly regarded principle of self-determination—President Moïse Tshombe of Katanga.

IAN W. MORRISON

Toronto

Sir:

Prime Minister Nehru has won the respect of other leaders all over the world. In this time of crisis, Nehru is proving his worth in that high position.

GARY L. GROTE

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Sir:

Why not name the Man in the Moon for Man of the Year? Who else would remain placid and "shine on" in undisturbed splendor while the great nations of the earth tossed rockets at his head?

HELEN ROSE EIKHOUD

Hamilton, Ont.

Sir:

The doctors of Massachusetts General Hospital, who rejoined the severed arm of Everett Knowles Jr.

A. GILBERT BELLES

Lincoln, Neb.

Sir:

As in 1958, I recommend George Romney, new Governor of Michigan.

EDWARD EIKMAN

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

U Thant, for his humanitarian efforts in the face of the Cuban crisis. The whole world must pay respect to his achievements.

BRENDA SHAFFER

Montreal

Sir:

Dr. John F. Enders, the man most responsible for the new measles vaccine, now doing basic research on cancer.

ANDREW A. FEENEY

South Norwalk, Conn.

Sir:

The small businessman, who gives his soul to stay against the powerful cartels that are stampeding him.

CHARLES BOJUS

Willimantic, Conn.

Sir:

I nominate Edmund G. Brown, Governor of the greatest state in the Union.

HELLA TANNENBAUM

Tucson, Ariz.

Sir:

Anastas Mikoyan, for outdoing Castro in the big bluff, bully and threat, and for providing an out for all parties in a sticky mess.

T. M. STEDMAN

Captain, U.S.A.

A.P.O., New York

Sir:

Billie Sol Estes, for revealing to the country the deplorable conditions in the Department of Agriculture.

LEROY GOERTZ

Hillsboro, Kans.

Sir:

Jackie Kennedy.

ANN MCADAMS

New York City

Sir:

Richard Burton.

KENNETH S. THORBURN

Van Nuys, Calif.

Somebody Cares

Sir:

We were appalled by a quote mistakenly attributed to a Hertz executive in the Dec. 7 article on car renting. The statement—"Businessmen on expense accounts just don't care



The woman
you remember...
wears Caron



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Less Saturated Fat
 than the hydrogenated corn oil
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Most corn oil in other margarines is hydrogenated. This increases their saturated fat. Pure corn oil, the major ingredient in Mazola Margarine, is never hydrogenated. That's why it has *less saturated fat*.



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 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

about a bargain"—certainly was not made by anyone at Hertz. Please, therefore, set the record straight.

M. D. KRAMER

The Hertz Corp.
 New York City

► *Straight it is.*—Ed.

Nehru & Neutralism

Sir:

After having spent more than three years in India, I agree with most of your comments on Nehru [Nov. 30].

Once India is strong enough to liberate itself from Nehru and his peremptory idealism, liberating its territories from the Chinese invaders will be child's play. Had Nehru not failed as a nation builder, the Chinese would not have risked attacking India.

GEORGE A. FLORIS

London

Sir:

Your excellent article, "India's Lost Illusions," reminds me of Nehru's press conference a few years ago at the Istanbul airport.

One of my Turkish colleagues asked who would succeed Nehru when the Pandit dies. After a dead silence, the answer came from the Indian press attaché: "When the sun shines, you cannot see the stars."

Unfortunately, right now the sun is covered by red clouds.

LOUIS GOLDENBERG

Istanbul

Sir:

Deep down, India and Pakistan possess an enormous reservoir of mutual good will. But they have been sorely in need of sympathetic guidance from the more sophisticated democracies of the West to resolve their unfortunate political differences and establish a great alliance. Will American leadership today finally rise to the occasion and save democracy in Asia?

ALY WASSIL

Salt Lake City

Sir:

I think the following poem will interest your readers. It is a pretty old one, but it simply and effectively sums up the temperament of the belligerently aggressive Chinese:

*How courteous is the sweet Chinese;
 He always says, "Excuse it, please."
 He climbs into his neighbor's garden
 And smiles and says, "I beg your pardon."
 He bows and grins a friendly grin,
 And calls his hungry friend in;
 He grins and bows a friendly bow,
 "So sorry, this is my garden now."*

R. D. BHATTACHARJI

Delhi

Sir:

You will have some satisfaction in knowing that your magazine, many a time, reaches common men beyond the educated elite in India. The lift boy in my office glanced at the cover photograph on the copy of *Time* that I was reading in the elevator, and observed, "That's the shadow of a brigand falling on Nehru's face. We will remove this shadow!" He took the magazine and then chanced to see the inside picture of Nehru embracing Chou En-lai, and said in horror: "Ghost of our sinful past! Bury it!"

B. P. JAIN

New Delhi

Reviewing the Reviewer

Sir:

I have just returned home from a trip to Pakistan to find your Nov. 16 issue awaiting me. It contains your most friendly review of my book about Rudolf Hess, *The Uninvited Envoy*, for which my thanks.

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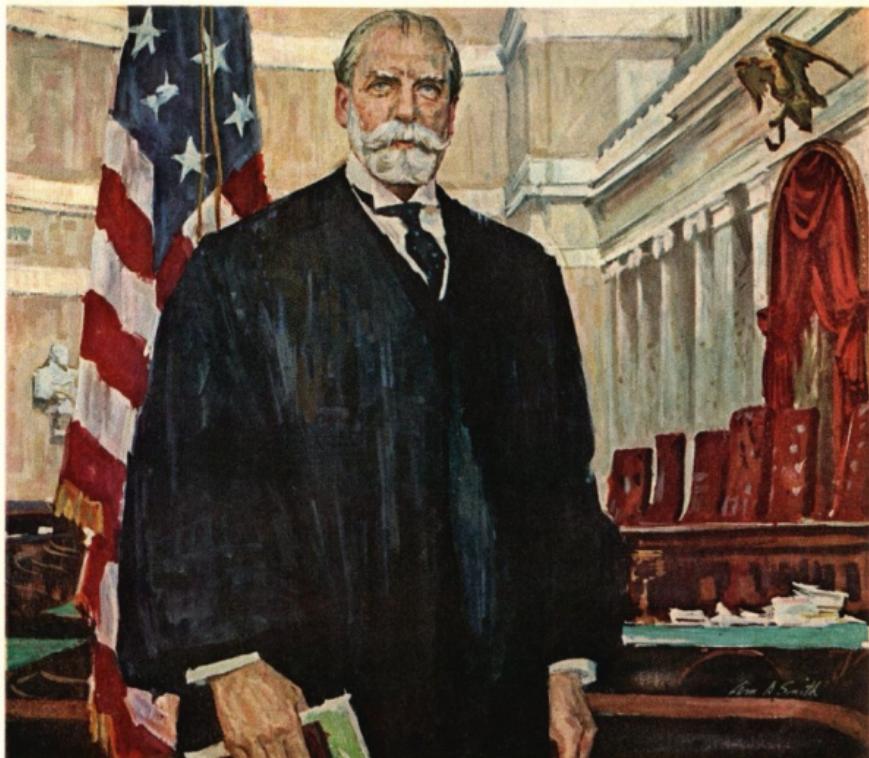
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He was the guardian of our liberties...



Charles E. Hughes

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES was a man you couldn't label.

Some thought he looked frosty and remote. Later they found he was warm and human.

He was a classical scholar who could read Greek at the age of eight. But he talked in eloquent, plain words that people could understand.

Though often tabbed as a conservative, he fought all his life for liberal causes.

Such was the man—born just 100 years ago—who was Governor of New York, Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, candidate for President, Secretary of State, Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice, and finally Chief Justice of the United States.

As a lawyer, he won often by thoroughness of preparation. In building his case, no research was too great for him, no detail too small to be considered.

He learned to know the Constitution just as well. He believed it had to live and grow with the times. Again and again in his decisions, he showed that the basic law of the land could keep pace with progress.

A free society—if it is to endure—needs men like Hughes. Men who will be fully informed on complex problems and think straight about them. Men who aren't afraid to do battle for good causes. Men for whom even-handed justice is a passion and good government a life work.

Hughes had a brilliant mind. But what made him truly great was the greatness of his heart.





On the first day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE



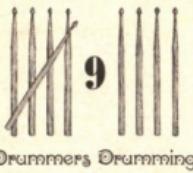
On the fifth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me



On the sixth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me



On the ninth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me



Drummers Drumming



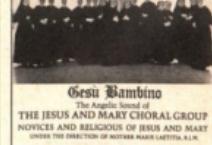
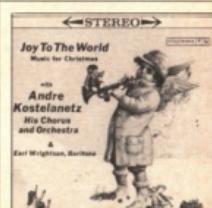
On the seventh day of Christmas
My true love gave to me



On the tenth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me



Pipers Piping

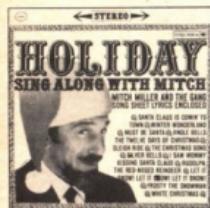




On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me



ON THE 3RD DAY
OF CHRISTMAS
MY TRUE LOVE
GAVE TO ME 3
FRENCH HENS



MUSIC OF CHRISTMAS
Percy Faith and His Orchestra



On the fourth day of Christmas
My true love gave to me



On the eighth day of Christmas my true love gave to me



12345678 maids a-milking

On the eleventh day of Christmas
My true love gave to me



Ladies dancing



On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me

twelve lords a-leaping
eleven ladies dancing,
ten pipers piping,
nine drummers drumming,
eight maids a-milking,
seven swans a-swinging,
six geese a-laying,
five golden rings,
four calling birds,
three french hens,
two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.



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THE NATION

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Stranger on the Squad

[See Cover]

His speech—elaborately phrased, rich with allusions—sounds like another language amid the staccato din of the New Frontier's verbal shorthand. With his ironic, self-deprecating wit, he often appears to be some misplaced elfin uncle among the intense young men who laugh at their well-worn house jokes only rarely—and hardly ever at themselves.

A lonely man, he seems even lonelier in the forced togetherness of New Frontier society. In a group that sees conversation as a necessary delay between acts, he relishes talk for its own sake. In a group that venerates the quick decision, he is a ponderer. He remains an introspective man among the professionally outgoing, a paunchy tennis player in the midst of a touch-football squad, an elder statesman in a society whose main concession to age is to switch the oldtimer from pass-catching end to blocking back.

Adlai Ewing Stevenson, 62, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, is the very antithesis of the New Frontiersman. Two years a member of a team, he was never a member of the club. And it was the difference between Stevenson and most of his colleagues, the conflict between his ways and theirs, the obvious fact that Jack Kennedy would not be exactly brokenhearted to see Adlai go home to Illinois, that last week placed Stevenson in the biggest, noisiest family fight so far during the Kennedy Administration.

A Munich? Like so many family fights, it was over a silly issue—a three-page article in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Time was when the *Post* was known for homey cover pictures and short stories in which boy and girl always managed to meet, spat, resolve their differences and legally wed within 2,500 words. Now the *Post* goes in for hurry-up, "behind-the-scenes exposés"—such as last week's "In Time of Crisis," a panting account of the Cuban confrontation by Charles Bartlett, Washington correspondent for the Chattanooga Times, and Stewart Alsop, the *Post's* Washington editor.

The Bartlett-Alsop piece was notable for only one thing: it charged that Stevenson, alone among the President's advisers, dissented from the firm-action consensus on Cuba, that only Adlai was willing to trade American bases abroad for the removal of the Soviet missiles. It quoted an anonymous source as say-

ing that Stevenson "wanted a Munich."

In ordinary times, such an article would not have caused much of a ripple. But in Washington last week, pundits stacked theory upon theory—and the cartoonists had not had such juicy fun in months. It was promptly and widely assumed that Kennedy himself had instigated the accusation, that the President was trying to sandbag Stevenson out of the U.N. That

lett. But other Washington newsmen—doubting that those weekends are spent entirely talking about old times—look at Bartlett's work as a conscious or subconscious mirror of Kennedy thinking. "If anybody else had written that piece but Bartlett," says a White House aide, "nothing would have been said."

But Bartlett did write it. Other magazines and newspapers were preparing "in-



KENNEDY & STEVENSON AT KENNEDY FOUNDATION DINNER
Not exactly eye to eye.

WALTER BENNETT

so much importance would be attached to a magazine article was in part an outgrowth of the somewhat bizarre and distorted atmosphere that prevails in Washington. No other Administration has so single-mindedly followed the proposition that "news is a weapon" (see PRESS). No other President has maintained such close personal contacts with newsmen. Aware of the Kennedy method of the indirect nudge, the planted hint, the push by newspaper column, students of the Administration follow the work of Kennedy's favorite columnists as faithfully as Kremlinologists plod through *Pravda's* prose. And of all Washington newsmen, Charlie Bartlett is closest to Kennedy.

Bartlett is the old pal who introduced Jack to Jackie, who ushered at their wedding, who regularly spends weekends with the Kennedys at Glen Ora. "The President is not a source of mine," insists Bart-

side" pieces, but it was the President who urged Bartlett to compose one on his own. He also issued instructions, as he had done for several but not all other newsmen, giving Bartlett access to the White House, CIA and State Department sources.

Small wonder, then, that the *Post* story stirred a storm. It arose only in part about the argument whether the Bartlett-Alsop charges were accurate—or whether, as Stevenson said angrily, they were "wrong in literally every detail." Far more important was the question of whether Kennedy was trying to use his pen pals to make it impossible for Stevenson to remain at the United Nations.

The pattern has appeared before. Hardly had Chester Bowles taken office as Under Secretary of State when the observation was printed—in Charlie Bartlett's column—that he was hardly the star of the New Frontier. A few months later,



"JUDGING BY THE ANGLE,
I'D SAY IT CAME FROM ABOVE"

with claims of coincidence on all sides, Bowles was moved to a high-sounding job of lesser importance. Similarly, Foreign Aid Director Fowler Hamilton read repeatedly in the papers of his imminent departure from the Government. Partly to find out if the rumors were true, and hoping they weren't, Hamilton went to the White House, where his resignation was swiftly accepted.

It therefore seemed more than possible that Kennedy was using leakmanship in an effort to rid his Administration of Adlai Stevenson, twice the Democratic candidate for President, leader of his own large political following—and a man whose relationship with John Kennedy has long been uneasy.

Only in the light of that relationship does last week's flap take on major political meaning. The antagonisms between Kennedy and Stevenson date back to the 1956 Democratic Convention, when Massachusetts' Senator John Kennedy placed in nomination the name of Adlai Stevenson of Illinois. Kennedy then thought he had Stevenson's backing for the vice-presidential nomination. But Stevenson threw the nomination open to all aspirants; Kennedy was forced to fight for it—and just barely lost to Estes Kefauver.

At the 1960 convention, the Kennedy forces wanted Stevenson to make the speech nominating Kennedy. Stevenson, still halfheartedly running himself, agonized over the decision. Finally, Bobby Kennedy called him with an ultimatum: make the speech—or else. Stevenson hemmed, hawed, and eventually refused. To the Kennedys, the crime was as much in the agonizing as in the refusal.

The Bone. But political protocol still demanded that the New Frontier find some kind of Administration job for the two-time Democratic presidential candidate. Stevenson was widely mentioned for Secretary of State. He was understandably disappointed when the United Nations offer came instead; and again he hesitated about accepting. Many Stevenson supporters considered the U.N. post just a bone thrown to Adlai. But to some

of Kennedy's Irish Mafia outriders, it was one bone more than Adlai deserved.

From the beginning, Stevenson was refused the policymaking role he had expected; sometimes he was not even informed of major Administration plans. The great humiliation came during the Bay of Pigs disaster. At the U.N., two days before the invasion, Stevenson, unaware of what was going on, waved photos of planes that he insisted were flown by Cuban Air Force defectors who had bombed their own airfields before fleeing to Florida. On the day of the invasion, he denied any U.S. responsibility. A few days later, Kennedy took complete responsibility for the Bay of Pigs—and the planes were revealed to be U.S. bombers that had been disguised, with little flair for the art, by the CIA. Deeply hurt, Stevenson was finally soothed with promises of better future liaison.

After that, things seemed to go a bit better. Indeed, some of Stevenson's U.N. performances have won even Kennedy's admiration. On one occasion, when Adlai called the White House to urge a tough speech warning Russia to stay out of the Congo, Kennedy remarked: "In this job, he's got the nerve of a burglar."

In diplomatic business that takes patience, Stevenson has drawn on U.N. experience that goes back to the founding conference in San Francisco, steering through U.S. policy on the Congo operation, U.N. financing, and the election of U Thant—and doing it mostly in quiet, off-camera discussions. In U.N. speeches, Stevenson's eloquence has been an effective weapon. A year ago, he gave perhaps the most cogent speech to date, explaining why the U.S. opposes the seating of a Red China regime that behaves "in a fashion recalling the early authoritarian emperors of China." During the Angol and Goa debates, Stevenson made clear U.S. opposition to colonialism and aggression, reminded delegates that the Com-

unist world is "the largest colonial empire which has ever existed in all history, the only imperial system which is not liquidating itself but is still trying energetically to expand in all directions."

Still Restive. Yet, only a year ago, Stevenson remained restive at the U.N., seriously considering returning to Illinois to run against Republican Senator Everett Dirksen. Viewed from the U.N.'s glass jungle in Manhattan, the Senate appeared to be a far more reasonable club—one that might allow some time for reflection instead of the grinding cycle of negotiations, speeches, parties, dinners and the problems of running a 115-man staff. Stevenson was still unhappy with his role in foreign policy—the role of advocating policies he had no part in making. Typically, Kennedy spent one session with Stevenson in which he did not encourage Adlai from running for the Senate. Then, in a second meeting, Kennedy told Stevenson he could exert more influence as U.N. ambassador than as junior Senator from Illinois. The President promised Stevenson "an expanding role in the making and execution of foreign policy."

To a certain degree, that pledge has been kept. Stevenson works mainly through regular State Department channels, reporting to Secretary of State Rusk through his old friend Harlan Cleveland, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs. But he is often on the direct line to Kennedy from his U.N. mission headquarters or from his Waldorf Tower suite. He consults constantly with Arthur Schlesinger Jr., a White House liaison man and an old Stevenson speechwriter who, however, switched allegiance to Kennedy in early 1960. At least once a week Stevenson flies to Washington to attend State Department meetings or meetings of the Executive Committee of the National Security Council.

It was ironic that Stevenson's perform-



"WHO CAN SAY WHAT KIND OF POWER STRUGGLE
IS GOING ON IN THAT MYSTERIOUS CITY?"



ance during the October Cuban crisis should have occasioned last week's controversy. For, to all outward appearances, this was Adlai's finest hour as U.N. Ambassador. Acting on talk-tough instructions telephoned to him by President Kennedy, Stevenson fayed Russia's Valerian Zorin. "Do you, Ambassador Zorin, deny that the U.S.S.R. has placed and is placing medium- and intermediate-range missiles and sites in Cuba?" he demanded. "Yes or no—don't wait for translation—yes or no?" When Zorin protested that he was not a defendant in an American court, Stevenson cut in: "You are in the court of world opinion right now."

"You will have your answer in due course," Zorin said. "I am prepared to wait for my answer until hell freezes over," snapped Stevenson. For millions of Americans watching the performance on television, it was Stevenson at his best—a reasonable man who had finally lost patience with an outrageous opponent.

Fact-Fiction. But Bartlett and Alsop cast a far different, much harsher light on Stevenson's Cuban crisis behavior. Their *Post* piece has much in common with the Washington fact-fiction novels that are now clogging the bestseller lists. It purports to narrate the secret deliberations of "ExComm"—an abbreviation for the National Security Council Executive Committee that was unknown even to members of the group until it was repeated paragraph after paragraph by Bartlett and Alsop. The *Post* story is filled with Druryisms and some language that seems to be left over from the magazine's serialization of *Fail-Safe*. Leaders negotiate "in the shadow of nuclear war" and make "the live-or-die decisions when the chips are down." As clichés mount, the reader half expects the next phone call to be answered by old Seab Cooley. But instead it is McGeorge Bundy who hears a CIAman's cryptic, spy-befuddled report of the Soviet missiles in Cuba. "Those

things we've been worrying about," says the CIAman cleverly, "it looks as though we've really got something." There is even room to mention a minor Russian official in Washington named Georgi Bolshakov, who is duped by his own bosses so that he can pass along to Kennedy the incorrect information that "those things" are strictly defensive.

Bartlett and Alsop say that in the days between the discovery of the missile bases and the Kennedy announcement of a blockade, ExComm was split between "hawks" and "doves"—those who wanted to invade Cuba or bomb out the missile bases, and those who urged caution. The "most hawklike of the hawks," they write, was Dean Acheson. One of the doves was normally belligerent Bobby Kennedy, who, said the *Post*, thought that "an air attack against Cuba would be a Pearl Harbor in reverse, and contrary to all American traditions."

Although the hawks were originally in the majority, according to the *Post*, opinions finally merged, and everybody joined Dean Rusk as a "dawk or a hove."* The

* Hove presumably rhymes with love. In a burlesque entitled "Last Drippings from the Great Certified Leek," the New York Times' senior columnist Arthur Krook, never wittier or more sardonic, suggests the word might first have been pronounced when McNamara predicted that a Soviet destroyer would "heave in sight." But ExComm's presiding officer, called "Himself," corrects him with "The word is hove." Otherwise, Krook turns ExComm into *MadAc*. "Let's melt this ball of wax and move the hardware from the shelf," suggests Krook's McNamara. "Suppose I start hawting out the funguses." Rorenson—or somebody identified as "T. S."—says, "You mean toss it in the well and see the kind of splash it makes; follow it into the high grass and see if it eats; get down to where the rubber meets the road." The only possible mistake in the transcript that was leaked to him, admits Krook, is the section which reports Himself saying to the one dissenter, "I'll get back to you." Concludes Krook: "This last remark could have been 'I'll get back at you.'"



HUGH HAYRIE—LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL

"KENNEDY LOVES ME, THIS I KNOW"

group formed a "rolling consensus" built around McNamara's plan of "maintaining options" by blockading Cuba, leaving the door open for invasion or bombing if the blockade failed to get rid of the missiles. Who was the only person who did not roll with the consensus? Why, Adlai Stevenson, of course.

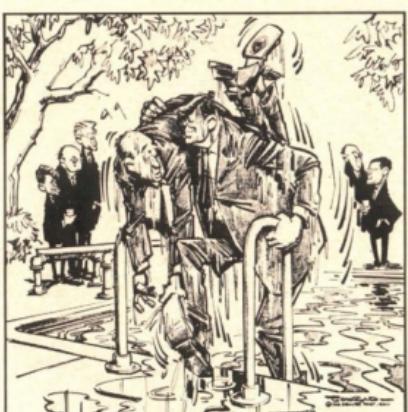
"There is disagreement in retrospect about what Stevenson really wanted," admitted Bartlett and Alsop. But they were sure it was something bad. And they quote that "non-admiring official" as saying: "He wanted to trade the Turkish, Italian and British missile bases for the Cuban bases." In the post-mortem speculation about who that official might have been, many fingers were pointed at Acheson, whose dislike for Stevenson is notorious. But Acheson coolly and flatly denied it. Said he: "I do not know to this day what Adlai Stevenson's position was, and I don't care. I never bothered to find out where he stood."

In fact-fiction books about Washington, everything, as the readers know, turns out well for the good guys. Now Dean Rusk, in a line Allen Drury could never have invented, sums up the victory: "We're eyeball to eyeball, and I think the other fellow just blinked." It was a statement, wrote Bartlett and Alsop, that will go down with "such immortal phrases as 'Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes.'" But the *Post* compensates for the lack of a surprise ending by hammering away at the villain. The Munich quote is bannered across the top of one page. Opposite is a full-page portrait of Adlai, chin in hand, looking like a man who is incapable of making up his Christmas list. "Stevenson was strong during the U.N. debate," reads the caption, "but inside the White House the hard-liners thought he was soft."

The response from Stevenson was immediate and angry. On NBC-TV's early-morning *Today* show—which has the advantage of catching half-dressed and partly shaved Washington officials before they leave for the office—and in later conversations, Stevenson made some telling points



BARTLETT



"THANK YOU FOR RESCUING ME . . . BY THE WAY,
DO YOU SEE WHO PUSHED ME IN?"

to support his claim that "this must be some kind of record for irresponsible journalism," Stevenson said that he:

► "Emphatically approved the blockade on further arms shipments to Cuba" three days before the Kennedy announcement, and "opposed, equally emphatically, an invasion of Cuba at the risk of nuclear war until the peace-keeping machinery of the United Nations had been used."

► Never advocated a swap of bases, but merely predicted correctly that Khrushchev might bring up the matter. Stevenson's suggested response: to tell Khrushchev that the matter of foreign bases was already on the agenda of disarmament talks, but that those talks could not even begin until the weapons were out of Cuba. Says a White House aide and former hawk: "Any one who did not think about the bases as possible points that would be raised in any negotiations after the blockade would have been nutty."

Aside from some demonstrable inaccuracies in the story, the whole hawk-dove theme was a vast oversimplification. In an effort to examine all possibilities, everybody at the Executive Committee meetings offered ideas that they were not willing to live or die by. That was the advisers' function—and the final decisions were the President's. There was no doubt whatever about where he stood: during the hottest moments of the Cuba crisis he was planning in the most positive terms to invade Cuba if the Soviet Union did not forthwith promise to remove its missiles.

After the *Post* article was published, the White House limped to Stevenson's defense. Pierre Salinger issued a brief, flabby statement attesting that Stevenson "strongly supported the decision taken by the President on the quarantine and brilliantly developed the U.S. position at the United Nations." But it did not deny the Bartlett-Alsop charges. On the same day, Stevenson was in Washington to attend an NSC Executive Committee meeting (where, like other top Cuba advisers, he received from Kennedy a silver calendar with the 13 crucial October days deeply etched). After the session, Stevenson was ushered into Kennedy's office, assured that the President had had nothing to do with the *Post* article.

"Dear Adlai," White House staffers reported that Stevenson left completely satisfied. This was far from the case. Kennedy had been almost cavalier, ignoring Stevenson's arguments that presidential advisers should be protected from leaks ("Advice is of little value if it is chilled by fear of disclosure or misrepresentation"), indignant only at the notion that anyone could think he would use Charles Bartlett as a mouthpiece.

Later, Kennedy wrote Stevenson a "Dear Adlai" letter that, without undercutting Bartlett and Alsop, expressed "regret at the unfortunate stir" and "fullest confidence" in Stevenson. Toward week's end, while introducing the President at a Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation dinner, Master of Ceremonies Stevenson joked about the whole flap. Introducing Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver as an

"instant peace" salesman so successful that "he makes the United Nations cry for it," Stevenson quipped: "As for me, I've been crying for it for the past week." Adlai quoted Joseph Pulitzer's observation, "Accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a lady"—but added: "A newspaper can always print a retraction." Kennedy chuckled, but made no attempt to match the Stevenson wit—and no attempt to show warmth toward Adlai.

Heroes & Bums. It remained far from clear whether the President had actually tried to hurt Stevenson through Bartlett and Alsop. Most of the evidence was to

venon," he says. "Where could I get anyone who could do half as good a job?" As for Stevenson, he believes that he is performing an important function at the United Nations. Says he: "The battle line is here, right here. But I would go in a minute if I thought the President wanted me to."

Although Stevenson's role on the battle line cannot have been helped by being undercut again by his own Administration, he remains an effective operator. The neutrals who greeted his appointment as a salvation have been somewhat disappointed; the Stevenson aloofness that prevents him from leaping into New Frontier society also prevents the kind of delegates' lounge chumminess that many expected of him. He has still been considered the pipeline from the smaller nations to the White House—and the line appears somewhat damaged.

The outlook is for Stevenson to stay at his post—at least for a while. But politics is not only a matter of principles, or of promises. More than anything else, politics is people—and there are few people on the political scene who seem less likely to form a smooth doubles team than Adlai Stevenson and John Kennedy. It was probably with that in mind that Adlai, when asked if he really believed that some New Frontiersmen were trying to force him out of office, replied: "No, this is the first time I've ever heard this mentioned. I'm not sure it will be the last time."

THE ECONOMY

The Constant Issue

Crises may come and crises may go, but concern about the economy remains clear and constant as the S sign in a checkbook. No one understands this fact—at least in its political meaning—better than President Kennedy. Yet it was also characteristic that the President scheduled a major speech for this week before the nation's top businessmen at New York's Economic Club without anyone's having thought much about what he would say. Thus a top Kennedy aide, when asked last week for an advance fill-in, simply shrugged: "I haven't even started to think about that speech yet. I've had so many other things to do."

The Administration always seems to have so many other things to do. Almost from the beginning of his White House tenure, Kennedy has promised to seek overall tax reform. Yet last week, as Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon's representatives, along with top aides of other departments, went to present their plans to the White House, the talk seemed more about tax cuts than tax reforms.

To Tie or Not to Tie. Tax reduction will certainly be the Administration's priority legislative proposal for 1963; it may run as high as \$10 billion, spread across corporate and individual tax rates, but concentrated on individual taxes. The Administration would like to tie the tax cut to overall tax reform in a "fiscal fitness" program for the '60s. Such reform would presumably correct some of the flagrant



STEVENSON & SCHLESINGER
"Childish talk about hard or soft."

the contrary. What had probably happened was that some other New Frontiersmen, knowing of the President's lack of deep affection for Adlai, had felt free to knock him. What the whole controversy really did was to highlight the huge personal and philosophical differences between Kennedy and Stevenson. "We seem to be living in an era," said Stevenson last week, "when anyone who is for war is a hero and anyone who is for peace is a bum." This was the sort of slapdash accusation from which Stevenson himself has sometimes suffered, and it was a strange formulation of the choices before U.S. policymakers. The great point Kennedy had recognized during the Cuba crisis was that there are times when the only way to achieve peace is to risk war. Again, Stevenson insisted that "it's time to stop this childish talk about hard and soft lines among the advisers of the President." The words are labels allowing of little subtlety, but they are roughly functional and are used all over Washington and by the President himself.

The President denies, both in public and in private, that he wants to pressure Stevenson out of the Administration. "It makes no sense for me to get rid of Ste-

laws in the present tax laws—in such areas as depletion allowances, retirement income exemptions and capital gains. But if political considerations threaten tax reform, the Administration apparently will settle for just tax reductions. In any event, there now is little hope of achieving a complete, detailed tax reform.

In the absence of any declarative Administration plan, others began to speak up in increasing volume. New York's Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller last week attacked those theorists who contend that federal spending should be increased to stimulate the economy. Said Rockefeller before the National Association of Manufacturers' congress in Manhattan: "I completely reject these notions. Economic growth cannot be achieved by such massive Government spending. This panacea has failed every time it has been tried throughout our history." Rockefeller argued that any tax cut should be aimed at increasing industrial investment, not at beefing up consumer purchasing power.

Holding the Line. Frequent warnings that tax cuts should not be accompanied by new federal deficits were heard at a national conference of the Tax Foundation in Manhattan. Said New York Stock Exchange President G. Keith Funston: "If spending reductions cannot be made concurrent with tax-rate reductions, then it would certainly appear wise to at least hold expenditures at the 1963 budgetary level, so that as the economy grows, both federal spending and taxes would begin to absorb a progressively smaller share of national income."

Raymond J. Saulnier, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Eisenhower, told the conference that a tax cut should not exceed \$2.5 billion and should come solely in corporate income taxes. He, too, urged that the line be held on federal spending.

That seemed to be the main point. Nobody was willing to argue all-out against tax cuts as a way of spurring the nation's sluggish economy. But the type of reduction, its relationship to Government spending and budget deficits—perhaps even tax reform, too—will be key issues in 1963.

THE CONGRESS

Programs for 1963

For the departments and agencies of the U.S. Government, spring comes in the fall. Late each September, bureaucratic thoughts lightly turn to next year's legislation, programs blossom, and hope springs eternal. Throughout October and well into November, the departments nurture their plans in hothouses. Then comes time for approval by the Budget Bureau and the White House—and the petals begin to fall. The final pruning, or fatal plucking, is up to Congress.

This week departmental hands were trekking to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue to go over their programs with presidential aides. Not all the proposals were—as they say—finalized. All were subject to drastic revisions, and some would undoubtedly die without even reaching Capitol Hill.

But these, in addition to tax matters, were the major ideas up for consideration:

- **MEDICARE** will be pushed again with "no radical alteration." The Administration bill may include a provision from the Javits-Anderson amendment for coverage of uninsured old people from general revenue, but otherwise the program would be financed by the social security system.

- **AID TO EDUCATION** will be dusted off and given another try. It will probably include federal help for elementary and secondary schools, aid to higher education, and a vocational aid program. The Administration apparently intends to

- **SPACE** will demand a bigger part of the budget than ever. Present plans call for a vast increase in space-agency funds over fiscal 1963's \$3.7 billion, probably to at least \$5.5 billion. The biggest amount will go for the U.S. program to reach the moon by 1970.

- **DEFENSE** requests will include a plan for a major overhaul of the armed forces' pay structure, including increases in pay for both officers and enlisted men in all services, with emphasis on incentive pay for career personnel. The Pentagon also plans to try to extend special benefits to survivors of U.S. military personnel missing on cold war missions abroad.



SOVIET SHIP CARRYING BOMBERS AWAY FROM CUBA
Left behind: the bearded baby and the sitter.

tackle again the ticklish matter of public v. parochial school aid.

- **THE FARM PROGRAM** will feature some sort of voluntary system aimed at reducing milk production (which is far outrunning demand), plus new cotton legislation aimed at making U.S. cotton, which is in huge surplus, competitive in both foreign and domestic markets. The present voluntary program for feed grains will probably be continued.

- **LABOR LEGISLATION** will be highlighted by a major push for a Youth Employment Opportunities Act that would provide funds for a Youth Conservation Corps and for matching grants to foster the employment of out-of-school teenagers. There is a good chance that this bill will become part of a general proposal for the creation of a domestic Peace Corps to aid in slums, mental hospitals, on Indian reservations and among migratory workers.

- **CONSERVATION**, the Interior Department's pet province, will be pushed in a bill to finance new public parks and recreation areas, lost in the shuffle last year. The program would pay for itself through taxes and charges on users of outdoor recreation facilities—admission charges to national parks, a special tax on gasoline for outboard motors, etc.

FOREIGN RELATIONS Reasonable Doubt

Everyone suddenly seemed to be feeling reasonably pleased about Cuba—well, almost everyone. President Kennedy obviously felt himself riding high as a result of public reaction to his handling of the situation. Some dependent families, evacuated from the U.S. Guantanamo Naval Base while the Cuba crisis was at its crest, were now back; the Pentagon hoped to have all the dependents returned to Gitmo by Christmas. Considerable satisfaction was found in the fact that the Soviet Union apparently had shipped 42 crated jet bombers homeward from Cuba; the skipper of at least one ship obligingly opened the crates so that Navy air patrolmen could see for themselves.

All well and good. But enough? At the United Nations and elsewhere, U.S. negotiations aimed at achieving on-site inspection in Cuba have still come to nothing. Yet, as Kennedy has repeatedly said, such inspection is the only way the U.S. can really be sure that Russia has removed its offensive weapons from Castroland. Moreover, intelligence reports from Cuba insisted that Russian troops in division strength were still in Cuba, now helping Castro to build up his defenses by extending air-

strips, constructing underground bunker systems, gasoline and munitions depots and camouflage networks for MIG-17 and MIG-21 jet fighters. The construction of facilities for new "fishing ports"—meaning submarine bases—continues.

There could be little doubt that the U.S. was still way ahead in the aftermath of the Cuba crisis. But Georgia's Senator Richard Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, best expressed the doubts that persisted in some minds. Said Russell in an Atlanta television interview: "We have temporized. We have even lifted the quarantine. Frankly, I thought that was a mistake. I didn't think we should lift the quarantine, or make any guarantees to Cuba, until we have the right of on-site inspection throughout Cuba."

"We have now been ushered into the position of baby-sitting for Castro and guaranteeing the integrity of the Communist regime in Cuba, and we don't know for a positive fact that the missiles and the bombers have been removed."

POLITICS

Hale Fellow at Yale

UNRUH ON WAY, called the Town Crier, newspaper of Yale's Timothy Dwight College. So he was—and Yale did not know quite what to expect of California's Jesse Marvin Unruh (pronounced *un-rue*), who was traveling East to become this year's first Chubb Fellow.

At 40, "Big Daddy" Unruh is the elephantine (265 lbs.) mastermind of California's Democratic Party. Speaker of the state assembly, he is proud of the way he has manipulated lobbyists into contributing to the party. "Money," he says, "is the mother's milk of politics." Unruh directed Democratic Governor Pat Brown's winning campaign against Richard Nixon this year, is considered Jack Kennedy's favor-

ite California politician. He has also been a four-letter man—although not in the way that Yale usually thinks of one.

Wit When Required. For all his massive confidence, Unruh was a bit taken back when invited to be a Chubb Fellow. The prestigious fellowship was endowed by Insurance Executive Hendon Chubb ('95) to encourage student interest in public affairs. Each year four or five public dignitaries take residence for five days, share in the life of Yale and Timothy Dwight College, make a speech and answer a lot of questions. Past Chubb Fellows include Harry Truman, Clement Attlee, Dean Acheson, Herbert Brownell, Adlai Stevenson, Chester Bowles and Barry Goldwater. Against such a cast of characters, Unruh could only say on arrival: "I guess I'm the chubbiest Chubb Fellow you've had." As it turned out, he was also one of the most charming.

Throughout the week, Big Daddy mixed with the Yalemens, astonishing them with his skill and speed at pingpong, delicately holding teacups in his huge hands, impressing earnest undergraduates by throwing around such terms as "technocratic populist" and "social pluralism." When wit was required, he had it. Why does California have such extremes of right and left in its politics? "We have such a lush climate that both fruits and nuts flourish." What would he have done if he had been Nixon's campaign manager? "Cut my throat." Did he have any advice to the Yalemens who wants to go into politics? "Take a postgraduate course at Harvard." Did he have visions of becoming California's Governor one day? Said Big Daddy good-naturedly: "I'm not the most attractive-looking guy in the world—which seems to matter nowadays."

The Serious Side. But he could also be deadly serious, and the burden of his message was that "the academic community is

not entering into politics as much as it should." A student challenged him with the obvious question: "Aren't there enough professors around Kennedy?" Unruh grinned and stuck to his guns. "The academic world," he insisted, "is not giving us—the politicians—the solution to any of the pressing social problems, or if they are, they're not getting them across in a meaningful way." It is important, he said, "to have good liaison between the fountainhead of ideas and the catch pool. Those of us in the day-to-day political world are the best interpreters. But very few original conceptions evolve from the purely political world. These must come from our intellectual centers."

Yale enjoyed this kind of talk, and at week's end it was indeed sorry to say goodbye to its latest Mr. Chubb. As for Jesse Unruh, he took away with him some good memories, plus one souvenir Yale sweatshirt and necktie.

The Ratings

Just after President Kennedy sent troops to Ole Miss, his popularity, as measured by the Gallup poll, hit a low of 61%—with only 51% of Southerners approving his performance in office. Then came Cuba, and in its wake Kennedy's popularity has soared back to 74%, with a 14-point jump to 65% in the South.

Last week Gallup surveyed Republican presidential possibilities for 1964, found that Nelson Rockefeller, who easily won re-election as Governor of New York, had taken over the lead from Richard Nixon, who was defeated for Governor of California. The G.O.P. list, just before November elections, and now:

	Then	Now
Rockefeller	26%	41%
Nixon	38%	21%
Michigan's George Romney	10%	15%
Arizona's Barry Goldwater	15%	11%
Illinois' Everett Dirksen	3%	4%
Pennsylvania's William Scranton	1%	3%

Who's for Whom

► Looking toward 1964, Kentucky's Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper allowed as how his party's "best chance" for success is a ticket headed by New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller for President and California's Senator Thomas Kuchel for Vice President.

► Looking even farther into the future, Wisconsin's quixotic Democratic Senator William Proxmire named Defense Secretary Robert McNamara as "the leading choice right now for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1968—although he apparently is not a Democrat." McNamara, former president of Ford Motor Co., joined the New Frontier as a registered Republican, but calls himself an independent. Proxmire did add that the Democrats will have lots of other attractive possibilities in '68, when Jack Kennedy will, under the Constitution, be disallowed from seeking a third term. Among Proxmire's nominations: Attorney General Robert Kennedy and Massachusetts' Senator-elect Ted Kennedy.



GEORGE KEELEY—NEW HAVEN REGISTER
CHUBB FELLOW UNRUH & STUDENTS
From the place where both fruits and nuts flourish.



PIANIST RICHARDS
A new arrangement . . .

LABOR

Yesterday's Tune

The little old man laughed at the notion of a rank-and-file revolt. To James C. ("Little Caesar") Petrillo, 70, one-time autocratic overlord of 260,000 U.S. musicians, it seemed like a piccolo challenging a calliope. "Everything is tops," cried Petrillo.

But everything was far from fine—at least to the members of Local 10, the Chicago Federation of Musicians, which has played syncopated sycophant to Petrillo since 1933. The local had gone all that time under Petrillo's presidency without a meaningful challenge to his reign. Now it dared to rebel. "Jimmy, why don't you cut out?" demanded a folk singer at a Local 10 meeting last month. Jimmy, who voluntarily quit in 1958 as czar of the American Federation of Musicians, amid an arpeggio of tears, could not see leaving his \$26,000 job as the head of Local 10. "I don't think they have any problems," he said.

Jimmy was wrong. They had problems—and so did he. Long gone were the days when he was the music world's national tyrant ("I'm gettin' a repetition for bein' a dictator"). His own musical taste had always been earthy: "Personally, I go for a good brass band." But his secret of success was eminently practical: "Music is good as long as it gives a union man a job."

In his heyday, Jimmy certainly delivered jobs—and pay. In the 1940s he seriously crippled the recording industry for 27 months, refusing to let his musicians cut so much as one groove until record companies popped with handsome royalties, which now bring millions a year to the A.F.M. He forced network stations to pay "live" musicians whether they were needed or not, proudly claims that he raised musicians' income 200% while he held the baton.

But back at Local 10, Petrillo in recent years has had trouble producing jobs.

The local now lists 11,500 members—with only about 1,000 of them at work. Several times Petrillo autocratically ordered a raise for sidemen without consulting either musicians or management. Result: bandleaders lopped off players to hold down costs; the Edgewater Beach Hotel, for one, slashed its 18-man orchestra to a five-man combo.

Last week the musicians kicked Petrillo out, electing in his place Society Pianist Bernard ("Barney") Richards, 57. For the first time since his daddy bought him a trumpet in 1900, Jimmy Petrillo found himself on the shelf along with the rest of yesterday's tunes.

Hoffa's Fourth

Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa has been on trial in federal court four times in the past five years. The first three trials concluded with two acquittals, one hung jury. Last week in Nashville, Tenn., the defense began presenting its case in No. 4—and the proceedings were enlivened by a bit of gunplay.

The present charge against Hoffa is that he and another Teamster official accepted more than \$1,000,000 in illegal payments from a Detroit trucking concern. According to the indictment, Detroit's Commercial Carriers, Inc. in 1949 set up a Tennessee firm named Test Fleet. The new outfit leased trucks to Commercial Carriers. All the Test Fleet stock was transferred to Mrs. Hoffa and the wife of Owen ("Bert") Brennan, a Teamster vice president who died in 1961; the two women discreetly used their maiden names of Josephine Poszywak and Alice Johnson.

This, the Government charged, actually amounted to a conspiracy between Commercial Carriers and Hoffa to violate a provision of the Taft-Hartley Act that bars employee representatives from receiving payments from employers except for wages and other specifically defined purposes.

The trial began seven weeks ago, and the record is already more than 3,000 pages long. Prosecution witnesses testified that Mrs. Brennan was rarely consulted and Mrs. Hoffa never, in the management of Test Fleet or of the Hobren (for Hoffa-Brennan) Corp., as Test Fleet was renamed in 1954. Rather, key decisions were made by Hoffa and Brennan. The Government contended that Hoffa profited greatly from Test Fleet but never contributed to financing the company. Ray Van Beckum, a former president of Commercial Carriers, testified that the lease arrangement was kept up in the interest of keeping the peace with the Teamsters.

None of this was very exciting stuff. But then, into the courtroom last week marched a young, half-crazed dishwasher who said he had been directed by a "vision" to kill Teamster Hoffa. He fired several shots at Hoffa with a BB pistol, poked Jimmy's hide with a few pellets. Tough little Jimmy went fiercely after his assailant, planted a dandy right on



TRUMPETER PETRILLO
. . . of an emperor's concerto.

GORDON COSTER

his jaw; a Hoffa crony then kicked the would-be assassin. The man required 14 stitches in his scalp, was taken away to jail. Taking this incident as evidence of "hostility" against their client, Hoffa's hopeful lawyers swiftly moved for a mistrial. But it would probably take more than BB shot to derail the case against Jim Hoffa.

AVIATION Drowning Out the Noise

Everything had been tried and everything had failed. Having spent \$123 million on noise baffles for jet engines, the aircraft industry was still tormented by the angry voice of the public—and the public was still tormented by the angry voice of the jets overhead. "There's an anxiety neurosis abroad in the land," FAA Administrator Najeeb Halaby said darkly, "and that complicates the noise-abatement problem."

Then, observing that the dry martini is "viewed with almost reverent awe as a drink with unique power," science at last made a breakthrough: if the martini combats anxiety neurosis, as it does, what tonic would it be for jet noise? Acoustical engineers from Washington's Polysonics, Inc. threw up a simulated living room, filled it with the sound of jets taking off (at 80 decibels, which produces nuisance and anxiety), and assembled a "sound jury" composed of men between 30 and 44 with no special anxiety about noise—and none at all about martinis.

Research began when the scientists administered their medicine (formula: 1 1/2 oz. dry gin + 1/4 oz. vermouth + 1 olive). Tests ended "at saturation," when nobody cares. The conclusion: "A linear relationship of 2 db increase of tolerance per martini until the third cocktail became apparent. At this point, another physiological condition gradually occurs within the subject, causing the tolerance to increase on a cumulative basis of 4 db per cocktail until saturation."

AMERICANS ABROAD

Travel Is So Narrowing

At 72, Louisiana's Democratic Senator Allen Ellender is as juicy and peppery as the shrimp jambalaya that he cooks up for friends. An oldtime Huey Long lieutenant and a longtime (25 years) member of the Senate, Ellender enjoys nothing more than whisking around the world to reaffirm his conviction that the U.S. is misspending its money on foreign aid. Since 1946, he has made six globe-girdling tours, two side trips to Latin America, three to Europe, and four to the Near Middle and Far East and the Balkan countries. In his travels, Ellender shoots 16-mm. movies, shows them to his colleagues in Washington. He keeps little black notebooks in which he scribbles gossipy comments about everything he sees. These are published at Government expense, in books running as long as 1,000 pages, and shipped out to anybody who wants to know about Ellender's adventures.

Whenever they hear that he is heading their way, U.S. diplomats overseas blanch with dismay. For Ellender has a habit of saying what he thinks—and what he says does not often contribute to international amity. While visiting Korea in 1956, for example, Ellender announced that the South Koreans, then considered good U.S. allies, were nothing better than "blood-suckers." He found the public market in Mogadishu, Somalia "untidy," but nothing as compared with the "filth" of those in Addis Ababa. He noted that in Nepal "the streets were filled with people. Apparently the citizens do not work very much."

Press Stopper. This fall Ellender was at it again. It had long been his ambition to visit every country in the world (he keeps track of his record on a wall map in his office). He had just about satisfied that yearning when lo and behold, Africa began sprouting a who's bunch of brand-new nations. So off he went to Africa. In Morocco he paused to express a variety of opinions. "Egypt," said the segregationist Senator, "hasn't achieved anything great since the Pharaohs began practicing desegregation with their slaves . . . Ethiopia would have nothing if it weren't for the Italians. Africans will probably get somewhere some day, but it'll take time . . . The only black man I know of with the stuff it takes to be a United States Senator was Booker T. Washington, but he had a white mother and is dead now." Then last week Ellender moved on to Southern Rhodesia, where he held a rambling news conference and stopped the press with the comment: "The average African is incapable of leadership except through the assistance of Europeans."

Uganda declared Ellender a prohibited immigrant. So did Tanganyika and Ethiopia (Ellender hadn't planned to go to Ethiopia this trip anyhow). Kenya's government protested to President Kennedy.

Look, No Horns. As for Ellender, he complained that he had been misquoted—but a transcript of his remarks showed that he had sure enough said all those unkind things. His denial made some Afri-



ELLENDER AT TANGANYIKA AIRPORT
A bad habit: saying what he thinks.

cans even madder. In Southern Rhodesia the Bulawayo Chronicle, which first defended Ellender's right of free speech, now called him a "policat" who lacks the "courage of his convictions."

At week's end, Ellender planned to continue his ten-week African tour. Posing for pictures at one African stopover, he told photographers: "Take some more. I don't have horns on my head." Neither did he have a zipper on his lip.

DEFENSE

Reserve Reform

When the Army called up 119,000 reservists and National Guardsmen during the 1961 Berlin crisis, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara was appalled at the results. The civilian soldiers stood at a pitiful average of 65% of authorized combat strength. Several supposedly crack divisions were hopelessly out of training, and many of the troops spent most of their time writing Congressmen and complaining to newsmen about the indignity of being summoned to duty. Then and there, McNamara vowed to overhaul and shape up the nation's reserve ranks. Last week he got into action.

Horse Trading. Few institutions enjoy more political protection than the National Guard. Financed 97% from Washington, yet commanded by state Governors when not federalized, the Guard is a rich receptacle for political favors. Invited to the Governors' Conference in Hershey, Pa., last summer to explain his proposed reorganization, McNamara pleaded for understanding. But he could not head off a resolution opposing "any plan which would drastically reduce the size and effectiveness" of the Guard.

Instead of throwing up his hands, McNamara turned horse trader. Wiring each of the 50 Governors, he offered to compromise with them on which units would be cut back. His Pentagon staff worked

overtime to win the support of reluctant Congressmen. McNamara himself paid a quiet call on Georgia's Carl Vinson, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, at Vinson's cattle farm. Flattered, Vinson couldn't say no. His tacit agreement led to last week's announcement of the biggest reform of the nation's standing militia since World War II.

Shuffling. The essentials of McNamara's plan are simple. Four divisions of the Army Reserve, which is under permanent Pentagon command, are abolished outright because they are either undermanned, undertrained or outmoded. McNamara is seeking the required approval of Governors involved to downgrade, for similar reasons, four National Guard infantry divisions—the 34th of Iowa and Nebraska, the 35th of Kansas and Missouri, the 43rd of Connecticut, Rhode Island and Vermont, and the 51st of Florida and South Carolina. Those outfits (authorized division strength: 13,500) would be regrouped into 3,300-man brigades. Further, 1,800 smaller Guard and reserve units would be disbanded because they are dead weight—among them, crews of vintage 90-mm. antiaircraft guns, now useless against jets. But 1,000 new units would be created, such as guerrilla-warfare squads. The end result, McNamara hopes, will be a lean, modernized reserve capable of taking up front-line positions in as little as four weeks.

McNamara, under state pressures, let a few obsolete Guard units stay on; he backed down on a plan to vacate 16 state-owned armories. But his major concession—agreement to accept "authorized" reserve strength at its present 700,000 men instead of slashing it to 642,000—turned out to be no concession at all. The tanks at present total only 665,282 men (389,738 in the Guard and 275,544 in the reserves), and stringent new physical and proficiency requirements also announced by McNamara should trim the total even more. Half a dozen Governors voiced objections; Oregon's Republican Mark Hatfield called it a "blackjack effort." But there seemed little doubt that McNamara's plan would go through.

Minutemen & the Gap

Along the ancient bed of a glacial lake, U.S. 89 runs eastward out of Great Falls, Mont., and climbs into the Little Belt Mountains. There, above the once prosperous coal-mining town of Belt (pop. 757), a plain link fence encloses two acres of barren land and Russian thistle, four watchful electronic sentinels, and a few drab slabs of concrete. Beneath that concrete is buried an Air Force Minuteman missile—one of the most efficient instruments of intercontinental destruction the U.S. possesses.

The Belt site is just one of many Minuteman installations either built or abuilding. Officially declared operational for the first time this week, 20 of the three-stage, 32-ton Minutemen are now cradled in 80-ft. silos sunk in Montana's wheat and cattle country. They are armed with nuclear warheads, aimed and ready to hurl the equivalent of 500,000 tons of

TNT to within a mile of any target up to 6,300 miles away (Moscow is 5,100 miles, Peking 5,700).

Fast & Simple. Minuteman is the weapons system that, with the Navy's Polaris submarines, is making the so-called "missile gap" a real missile gap—favoring the West. Within a year, Montana will have 150 Minutemen in place. Another 650 have been authorized for South Dakota, North Dakota, Missouri and Wyoming. Minutemen will roll like cigars off production lines until some 1,500 are deployed, far outnumbering the U.S.'s programmed 126 Atlas missiles and 108 Titans.

The advantage of Minuteman is that its three engines use solid fuel. Thus, while the already deployed, liquid-fueled Atlas and Titan[®] take 15 minutes to fire, Minuteman can blast out of its hole within 32 seconds of the trigger command—the first truly pushbutton transoceanic weapon. The use of a solid propellant also eliminates the complex plumbing and fin-

gates directed an immense task of construction, training and logistical coordination. For the Montana installations, the 54-ft. missiles are flown in C-133 cargo planes from an Air Force plant near Ogden, Utah, to Malmstrom Air Force Base near Great Falls, transferred in an air-conditioned building to 64-ft.-long tractor-trailer vehicles called transporter-erectors (T-E's). These crawl at 15 m.p.h. on level roads, stall to 2 m.p.h. on grades. The 150 silo sites of Malmstrom's 341st Strategic Missile Wing are scattered over 18,000 sq. mi., connected by 3,000 miles of road, only 500 of them paved. At the sites, the T-E's raise the birds, slide them gently into place.

Eight for One. The silos, too, are mechanical marvels. Their massive doors and shock-mounting are so effective that only a direct missile hit could knock them out; Pentagon strategists figure an enemy would have to throw at least eight missiles at each one to have any assurance of

pick up separate telephones to receive, decode and authenticate the orders. Each must agree that it is a valid command. They go through a launch sequence in unison, break lead seals on their console buttons. The birds still will not fire until another two-man crew in another capsule sends a concurring signal. Finally, any of five control centers in each squadron can push a switch labeled "inhibit" and stop the launch.

No saboteur can reach the control officers. They descend into their green-walled capsule by elevator or steel ladder, are protected by steel doors 3 ft. thick. Atop the control center sits a squat building with three security guards. Around the building is an electronically guarded fence. "God help the man that tries to get in," says one project officer.

Out of the Bath. On-the-spot direction of the Minuteman sites is in the hands of a slender World War II pilot, Colonel Burton C. Andrus Jr., 45, commander of



TOM CARROLL—PI
PHILLIPS



MINUTEMAN LAUNCH SITE
The earth could rock, but the bird would fly.

BOEING COMPANY



CARL J. WILHELM
ANDRUS

icky maintenance problems of the earlier missiles. Minutemen can be turned out faster than their silos can be emplaced. Once deployed, they require no major maintenance for three years. At a systems cost of \$3,400,000 per missile, Minuteman costs one-fourth as much as the Atlas.

The Minuteman has arrived a year ahead of its original schedule, speeded by Air Force decisions in 1959, when there were widespread charges that an unfavorable missile gap did indeed exist. Although the speedup seemed "absolutely impossible" to Air Force brass, it was accomplished mainly by the drive, patience, and, as one colleague puts it, the "damn genius" of Brigadier General Sam Phillips, Minuteman program director and, at 41, one of the youngest generals in the Air Force.

Working out of Los Angeles, Phillips

destroying it. Each missile is suspended so that the earth could rock but the bird would still fly straight.

Each group of ten Minutemen is controlled from a concrete capsule, mounted on springs, covered by some 60 ft. of earth. At identical consoles sit two officers. They stare at dials and lights that warn of any defects in their birds. If warned, the men merely push a button and a taped voice controlled by a computer tells them precisely what is wrong.

The console controllers are the end men in a taut chain of command that can send the missiles rocketing toward preplanned targets at 15,000 m.p.h. The control officers do not know where their birds are going—but they will push the buttons.

Safe guards. Under Minuteman's fail-safe system, an order to fire flashes from the President to Strategic Air Command headquarters at Nebraska's Offutt Air Force Base. High SAC officers throw a switch that opens an electronic lock on the missile flight. They call the two control officers. The two, sitting 15 ft. apart,

the 341st. He normally patrols his area in a blue station wagon, with one of three radio-telephones in hand. He can never be more than six rings from any phone, often scrambles out of a bath to hear a voice say: "Very good, Colonel, you made it in 27 seconds."

Andrus is proud of Minuteman and of his wing: "We have the highest degree of perfection and morale ever achieved in any military organization." Yet he is fully aware of the potentiality for boredom in sending highly trained men underground to sit and wait. All launch crew members hold B.S. degrees, work toward master's in aerospace engineering while on duty. "We don't anticipate that any of these men will crawl the walls," Andrus says.

At the Pentagon, some Air Force officers worry about the service turning into "a field artillery outfit." While some 90% of U.S. nuclear striking power is still borne by manned bombers, Minuteman will soon change all that. If this bothers some of the officers who fly, it undoubtedly troubles Nikita Khrushchev much more.

® The advanced Titan II, not yet operational, will have a reaction time similar to the Minuteman's. Under present schedules, half of the 108 Titans will consist of new models by the end of 1963.

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

The Beautiful Cough

"London's inhabitants breathe nothing but an impure and thick mist accompanied with a fuliginous and filthy vapor, so that catharrs, phthisicks, coughs, and consumption are more in this city than the whole earth besides."

Diarist John Evelyn of the 17th century knew not what the 20th would bring. London last week looked as if it had slithered to the bottom of the Thames. Smothered by smog as fetid and impenetrable as river sludge, traffic stopped, airports closed, and more than 100 ships swung helplessly at anchor. For four days and nights, the dark, satanic peacock dumped grit and grime over 22 counties, cocooned 225,000 miles of icy roads, and caused 20,000 automobile breakdowns. The worst fog that London has known since the "Black Death" that took 4,000 lives in 1952's December, it left 136 known dead (the final toll was expected to be much higher) and more than 1,000 gasping patients in hospital beds.

First warning was the telltale eye-stinging vapor that old Londoners know so well. Out went the Red Alert to 200 hospitals, which went on a disaster standby in readiness for elderly patients, who are most susceptible to smog-induced pneumonia and bronchitis (or the "English disease," as it has long been known on the Continent). Ambulances searching for victims clanged their bells frantically, but could not extricate themselves from

the vast rush-hour traffic jams. Not until the third day did London Transport authorities surrender to "very adverse weather conditions"; then, at last, they ordered their 5,000 buses into garages for the duration.

Londoners swathed their faces in "smog masks" of gauze, scarves or handkerchiefs. For a time, in fact, they looked somewhat like bandits fleeing the bobbies. Some were doing precisely that. Smash-and-grab robbers used the occasion to carry off thousands of pounds worth of loot from London's jewelers and banks. Scotland Yard's crack Flying Squad, reduced to a crawl, was virtually powerless to stop them.

It was a hayday for scientists studying England's fog, a unique compound of sulphur dioxide, chemical wastes, coal smoke, gasoline and diesel fumes. (The sulphur level alone last week reached 14 times the normal concentration.) The Ministry of Aviation had been waiting for just this chance to test its new blind-flying system for bad weather landings, rushed a plane in to touch down successfully at London Airport. For Washington's Dr. Richard Prindle, a U.S. Government air-pollution specialist, it was the opportunity of a decade. Rushing across the Atlantic, he was diverted to Frankfurt, arrived twelve hours late in London to start his tests. Happily he still had plenty of time to take samples. Sniffing the air, Prindle marveled: "There are not many smogs like this one! It sets off a beautiful cough!"



CAMERA PRESS

LONDON BOBBIES IN THE FOG

Always catharrs, phthisicks, consumption—and now smash-and-grab.

Make or Break

After 13 arduous months of negotiations, Britain's hopes of membership in the European Common Market hung in the balance last week. At Common Market headquarters in Brussels, Belgium's Deputy Foreign Minister Henri Fayat said somberly: "The atmosphere is steadily deteriorating, in the conference room as well as outside." In a make-or-break effort to overcome their differences, West Europe's Six suddenly decided to hold intensive, nonstop conferences from Jan. 10 until Feb. 1.

Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan desperately needed a swift settlement. Buffeted by defeats in recent by-elections, Macmillan's Tories now faced a redoubled onslaught from the Labor Party, whose leader, Hugh Gaitskell, declared last week, "There is no overriding necessity for Britain's entry." Gaitskell charged that the U.S., which is not prepared to see the "disappearance of America as an independent nation," is acting hypocritically in urging Britain to surrender its sovereignty in a united Europe.

In British eyes, Europe's assumption that the country will come in at any cost disregards the political dangers to Macmillan's government. The biggest single obstacle now is the Community's insistence that Britain must immediately raise most food and farm prices to the higher Common Market level if it is admitted in 1964, rather than postpone the increase until 1970. The British maintain that they need the transition time, both to raise the housewife's grocery bill by easy stages and to cushion the effect of high European tariffs on Commonwealth economies. European diplomats reply that Britain would do better to join the Community as fast as possible and then help influence its evolution from within.

The decision may not depend on technical issues such as farm prices, but on the outcome of Macmillan's talks with Charles de Gaulle this week. Despite his reluctance to admit a competitive Britain to Europe's cozy club, De Gaulle may finally be swayed by the grander vision of a united Europe whose power and prosperity can only be augmented by British membership. In any event, said a British official last week, "the moment of truth will have to come soon."

Played Out?

Ever since the sun began to set on the British Empire, Britons have been acutely sensitive about their diminishing role in world affairs. Last week they were especially upset by a twist to the lion's tail administered by none other than former U.S. Secretary of State Dean Gooderham Acheson. In a speech at West Point, Acheson bluntly appraised Berlin, NATO, and the Common Market. But Britain drew his sharpest words.

"Great Britain has lost an empire and has not yet found a role," Acheson said.

"The attempt to play a separate power role apart from Europe, a role based on a 'special relationship' with the U.S. and on being the head of a 'commonwealth' which has no political structure, unity, or strength—this role is about played out. Great Britain, attempting to work alone and to be a broker between the United States and Russia, has seemed to conduct policy as weak as its military power."

From Britain came a mighty roar. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan suggested that Acheson "has fallen into an error which has been made by quite a lot of people in the course of the last 400 years, including Philip of Spain, Louis XIV, Napoleon, the Kaiser, and Hitler." The Daily Mirror noted that Britain had been "written off" by another American in 1940—"the rich, fainthearted Mr. Joseph Kennedy, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's in the days of Dunkirk." The Manchester Guardian was less imperious—and more candid: "A former American Secretary of State who looks like an Englishman, but who happens to be a foreigner, voiced opinions which Englishmen only admit in the privacy of their clubs."

WEST GERMANY

Trail's End

The uproar in Bonn last week sounded little like the usual well-oiled functioning of the Federal Republic of Germany. All the factions in Bonn seemed to want weary Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, 86, to cross the Rhine to his rose gardens in Rhöndorf, and stay there. At week's end *der Alte* at last agreed to do so—within a year.

Caught in the riptide of the *Der Spiegel* scandal, Adenauer did not go down without a fight. When his own coalition was endangered, Adenauer proposed that the potent opposition Social Democrats (S.P.D.) join with him in a "grand coalition." Unconcerned by the fact that he had described the S.P.D. leaders in the past as godless, irresponsible and crypto-Communist, Adenauer told the Social Democrats that their "sense of responsibility" required that they help maintain a stable German government at this time of crisis. Socialist Chief Erich Ollenhauer listened but made no promises.

Unlikely as the "grand coalition" appeared, it was an unnerving thought for the Free Democrats, the splinter group in Parliament that had allied itself with the old man in the past. "We are going over there and lay it on the 'line,'" cried a Free Democrat chieftain. "Do they think they can negotiate with both of us at the same time?" It was an emotional meeting, but Free Democratic Party Leader Erich Mende quieted things down. He knew that neither Adenauer's C.D.U. nor the Social Democrats could swallow the idea of a coalition. Inevitably, Adenauer and Mende would be drawn together again.

Sure enough, the Socialists, after a parliamentary caucus, refused to join the grand coalition. After conferring with such close cronies as Minister Without Portfolio Heinrich Krone, Konrad Adenauer



ADENAUER, KRONE & BRENTANO
Goodbye—later.

listened to the news with stony-faced indifference, and seemed bone-tired as he bowed to the inevitable. Next morning the deputies of his party were hastily assembled. Floor Leader Heinrich von Brentano announced that Adenauer had, in effect, agreed to one of the key Free Democratic conditions: he would step down as Chancellor next fall. Brentano then drew cheers by adding that Vice Chancellor Ludwig Erhard would be included in all discussions on the new government's constitution, clear indication that Erhard—West Germany's idol, and Adenauer's belittled foe—would very likely be the next Chancellor. Now it was up to *der Alte* to set about the tedious task of building a new coalition Cabinet that would carry him through the final months of his public life.

FRANCE

And Now to Business

When France's newly elected National Assembly convened in Paris last week, it was a far different body from the rebellious lower house that toppled Premier Georges Pompidou's government two months ago. Many of the nation's best-known politicians and four of the old party labels had vanished. With the first absolute majority that any political group has ever commanded in the Assembly, Gaullist Deputies wasted no time in re-electing Jacques Chaban-Delmas, Gaullist mayor of Bordeaux, who had been Speaker of the old Assembly.

By contrast with the Assembly, Premier Pompidou's Cabinet was little changed. Key posts remained in the hands of trusted veterans such as suave, multilingual Maurice Couve de Murville, Charles de Gaulle's faithful Foreign Minister, and brainy Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who led a wing of the rightist Independent Party into the Gaullist camp during the election. Though there were

few new faces in the government, its most pressing legislative goals were underscored by the jobs that went to two of De Gaulle's top troubleshooters, Louis Joxe and Christian Fouchet.

Joxe, who negotiated the Algerian peace, was given the task of overhauling the vast, archaic administrative system, whose authority in France's 90 provincial departments has been steadily eroded by the centralization of government. Former Information Minister Fouchet, was assigned the even more arduous job of modernizing the nation's educational system, which is woefully short of classrooms, teachers and facilities for technical education (only 3% of all French students go on to a university).

De Gaulle himself aims to see his program through to fulfillment. Though his presidential term expires in three years, he hinted last week that he plans to stay at the helm of France at least until the next Assembly elections in five years.

COMMUNISTS

Comrades, Dogs, Capitalists: Lend Me Your Ears!

It was winter in Moscow, but the atmosphere oozed with amiability nevertheless. Khrushchev himself was at flag-draped Kievsky Station to greet Yugoslavia's paunchy Marshal Josip Broz Tito and his handsome wife Jovanka off to a Kremlin apartment.

Officially, the two-week visit was billed as a vacation, but it was obvious, from the big delegation of Yugoslav economic and political experts who accompanied the boss that Tito had more in mind than a suntan at Sochi. Among the subjects: more aid, more trade. Forgotten on the time being: the bitter, angry recriminations of the past.

But the meeting had its obvious repercussions in Red China. Radio Peking



KHRUSHCHEV GREETING TITO AT KIEVSKY STATION⁸
Meanwhile, back in the camp, growls,

called Tito "a running dog of U.S. imperialism" and the newspaper *Kuang Ming* described Yugoslavia as a hotbed of crime and adultery, pointing out that 10% of the children born in Belgrade each year are illegitimate.*

The Sino-Soviet split was showing up elsewhere. At the Italian Communist Party meeting in Rome, a trio of Red Chinese visitors sat glowering while Party Boss Palmiro Togliatti—looking almost as chubby as Tito—delivered a four-hour attack on Chinese opposition to Moscow's peaceful-coexistence line. Next day Khrushchev's No. 2 man, Frol Kozlov, produced a bitter condemnation of Red China's "dangerous adventurism" in India.

When the chief of Peking's delegation finally got the floor, a hush came over the hall. He denounced Moscow for not returning "blow for blow" in Cuba, and Tito for having "restored capitalism" in Yugoslavia. "It is extremely grave," he continued, "that at this congress the views of the Chinese Communist Party were attacked directly."

Italy's Communists did not back down. Glaring at the Red Chinese trio, Giancarlo Pajetta, a leading member of Togliatti's Central Committee, declared: "When we want to say 'China,' we don't have to say 'Albania.' Our congress unanimously rejects your attack, which we find unacceptable, and condemns your views, which we find not to be just."

RUSSIA

The Connoisseur Speaks

"What sort of smear is this?" gasped Nikita Khrushchev as he strolled past rows of abstract paintings in a Moscow art gallery last week. "You cannot figure out whether they were painted by human hands or daubed by a donkey's tail!" With these words, the Kremlin's ruler doused hopes of Soviet painters that a new liberal era of artistic freedom was under way in Russia.

Approaching the painter of an avant-

garde canvas titled *Self-Portrait*, Khrushchev asked, "Have you a mother?" "She's dead," stammered the artist. Replied Nikita: "She would die a second time if she saw your self-portrait." He spotted another objectionable work. "How much was paid for it?" inquired the Premier. Told the price was 3,000 rubles, he cried: "Deduct it from the salaries of those who approved the purchase!"

The Kremlin last week was also rapping the knuckles of Soviet writers. *Pravda*, in a front-page editorial complained that too many Russian authors had "betrayed" the cause of socialist realism in favor of "all-forgiving liberalism or rotten, sentimental complacency." These "pseudo innovators," argued the editorial, "idly pursue Western fashions, which are profoundly alien to our world outlook, to our esthetic sense, and to our concept of what is wonderful and beautiful."

One group of writers was exempted from *Pravda*'s tirade. They were the authors who served Khrushchev's destalinization campaign. All the rage in Moscow last week was an autobiographical short novel by a previously unknown writer, Aleksandr Solzhenitsin, 44, a provincial teacher who spent eight years in an Arctic slave labor camp after the war.

His book, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, tells the story of how one falsely accused convict and his fellow prisoners survived—or perished. A typical day: chased from bed at 5 a.m. for a bowl of soupy gruel, herded to work on a construction project guarded by sadistic overseers, fall back to bed at 10 p.m.

Solzhenitsin's stark account, the first detailed description of Stalin's prison camps ever published in Russia, sold 40,000 copies on newsstands and a second printing of 100,000 was ordered. Glowing reviews, which compared the author to Tolstoy, appeared simultaneously in several newspapers, and it was reported that Khrushchev himself had read the story before publication and cleared it.

But even the Stalin kickers might not have their freedom indefinitely. As a Soviet author told a recent Western visitor to Moscow: "Today, yes. But what about yesterday and tomorrow?"

* Actually, not a very high figure. Comparable statistics: West Berlin, 15%; East Berlin, 15%; Milwaukee, 16%; Washington, D.C., 32%.

TANGANYIKA

Uhuru Plus

Tanganyika (pop. 9,560,000), where Stanley met Livingstone and Hemingway found Kilimanjaro, became a republic this week. For five days, the prancing crowds in Dar es Salaam celebrated the event, shrilling their approval of the fresh daubed letters "JT" (for *Jamhuri Tanganyika*, Republic of Tanganyika) on banners hung throughout the city. The rest of the world could also celebrate, for leader of the proud new republic would be Julius Nyerere, 40, a sensible, spindly onetime schoolteacher, who listens to the raucous cries of "Uhuru" (freedom) from the fiery nationalists of Africa, then puts his personal addendum on the slogan: "Uhuru na Kazi"—freedom and work.

HONG KONG

The Travel Agents

Along the eastern shore of Hong Kong last week the waves rolled in with a tragic flotsam: the bodies of 32 refugees from Red China whose overloaded sampans swamped and sank in mirror-calm seas. They were grim evidence of the desperate craving of thousands of Chinese to make their way from the shackled mainland to the glitter of prosperous Hong Kong, whatever the dangers.

Feeding on their desire are dozens of "travel agents" in Portugal's flyspeck colony of Macao, which juts off Red China's southern shore. What the agents offer is a one-way "ticket" at prices of \$70 to \$125 a head, for the 40-mile voyage from Macao to Hong Kong. The price is steep, but since Hong Kong is already bursting with 1,250,000 refugees and legally admits only 50 a day, impatient hordes from the mainland are willing to pay dearly to be smuggled into the crown colony aboard crowded, leaky junks.

Peking is actually anxious to get rid of most of the refugees. The Communists readily grant exit permits to those who are burdens on the regime—the old and

With Russia's First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan and Aleksei Kosygin.



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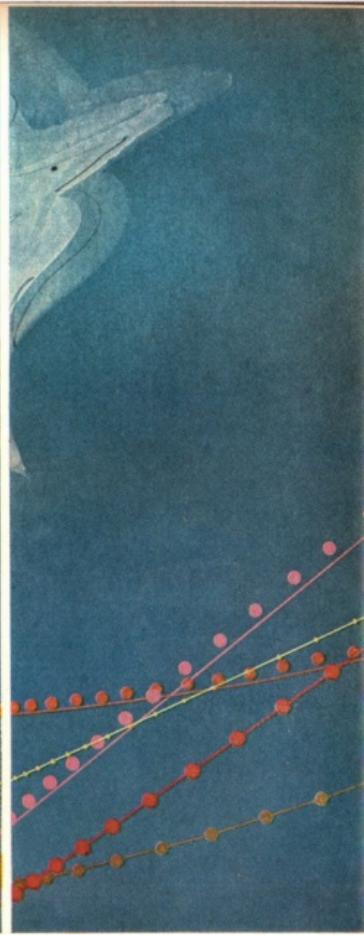
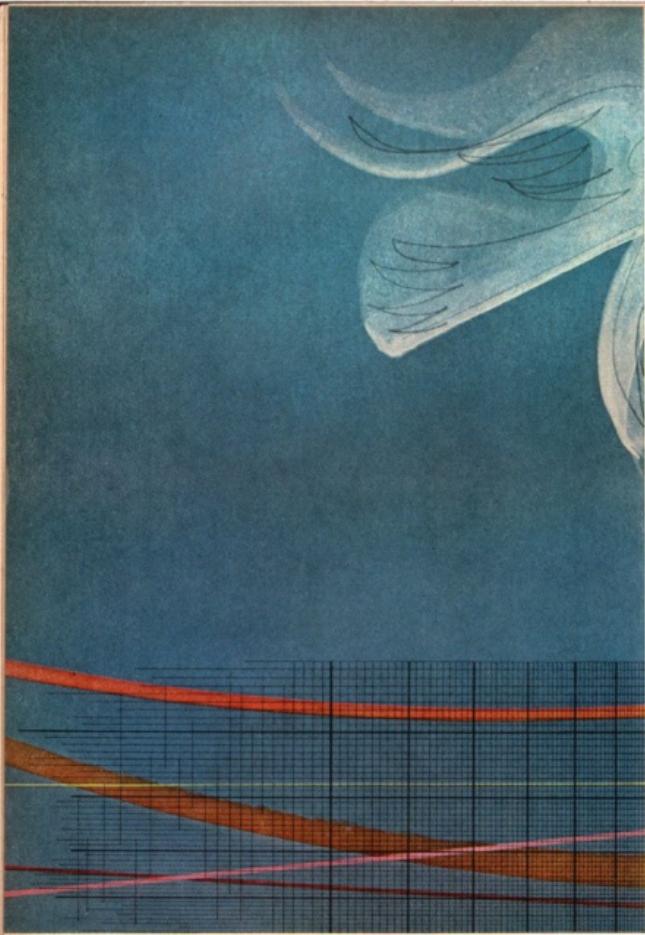
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the unproductive, women without jobs and tuberculous children. Others who want to escape buy their way out, paying cash-hungry Communist cadres up to \$2,275 for a permit. Since the Portuguese have no restrictions, refugees use nearby Macao as a handy jumping-off point to Hong Kong. In Macao, operating openly under the aegis of the China Travel Service, no fewer than five Communist agencies with enticing names like "Favorable Wind" and "Sojourn Intercourse" steer customers to smugglers for a fee of \$3.50 a head. After dark the travel agents put them aboard junks.

Concerned over the swelling tide of seaborne refugees, Hong Kong police have been searching up to 500 junks a day in the teeming waters around the city. But many slip through the cordon. When tragedy strikes, as it did for the 32 hapless victims who drowned off eastern Hong Kong, the trade falls off for a few days. Then the human cargos begin moving once more across the Pearl River estuary. Says Father Luis Ruiz of Macao's Roman Catholic Casa Ricci, which has sheltered more than 35,000 refugees from Red China in past years, "Nothing will stop this smuggling. Nothing can prevent these people from going."

INDIA

What War?

With Red China trumpeting the alleged withdrawal of its invading armies, a deadly apathy settled over India last week. The government desperately needed gold to pay for war purchases, but few patriots were willing to turn in their hoards, even on the attractive official terms for payment. Civil defense measures were a joke, slit trenches being dug in New Delhi were both too shallow and too narrow, and a scandal boiled up over the substandard cement used in air raid shelters. So hard up was the government for arms that it asked India's maharajahs to turn over their tiger-hunting guns to defenseless villagers on the northern frontier. Perhaps to stiffen his resolve, a newspaper editor sent Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru a submachine gun as a gift.

Clinging to the idea that if Russia aids India, it will not supply China, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru played up the Soviet promise to send MIG jet fighters to the Indian air force. When Britain's Commonwealth Secretary Duncan Sandys suggested in London that chances of delivery seemed slim, Nehru retorted tartly that he had "authoritative information" that the MIGs would be delivered.

In any case, Nehru knew roughly what he wanted from the U.S. in military aid. His shopping list had Pentagon eyes popping: a whopping \$1 billion worth of weapons and equipment for 1963 alone. India's entire national budget for fiscal 1963 is less than \$3 billion.

The question was: would Nehru fight with or without aid? Army leaders seemed to have no idea where the Chinese lines were, or even whether the Reds were really withdrawing. Indian patrolling apparently had been stopped, and even aerial



NEHRU EXAMINING SUBMACHINE GUN
A \$1 billion shopping list for Washington.

reconnaissance ruled out, for fear of Chinese retaliation. And this despite the fact that China had violated its "cease-fire" at least once: a Red patrol opened up on an Indian outpost, killing three soldiers and wounding four more.

Seeking first-hand facts, the Prime Minister flew to the front to consult his officers and console the wounded troops. In New Delhi the External Affairs Ministry announced the harshest action of the war against Red China: the shutdown of the Indian consulates in Shanghai and Lhasa. This did not affect India's Peking embassy, which, aggression or no aggression, was doing business as usual. At week's end, some of its business was revealed: under orders from Nehru, Indian diplomats in Peking were carrying on discreet preliminary peace talks with China.

PAKISTAN

Oh, Brother

India's Nehru had agreed to join Pakistan's President Ayub Khan in seeking an early solution to the Kashmir problem. But now India already was beginning to stall, refused to commit itself on either the date or place of any conference.

Ayub himself seemed undismayed by the tactics; he is certain that the two countries eventually must resolve their differences in order to present a united front against Red China. Not all the Pakistanis were so stoic—or so confident. Angry voices rose in the National Assembly at Rawalpindi, Pakistan's capital, where the old antipathy to India is always hard to put down.

Leading the opposition was a 54-year-old lawyer and fiery Moslem League who refused to accept any solution to Kashmir other than a plebiscite, which would probably give the province to Pakistan. "We have nothing against Communism," he said, "but we cannot reconcile ourselves to Hindu domination." Sternly he warned

Ayub not to trust any agreement signed by Nehru, because he "knows how to get out of commitments far more binding and rigid." Who was the opposition chieftain? None other than Ayub's own younger brother, Sardar Bahadur Khan.

ALGERIA

Purged: Not for Ideology, Just for Opposition

Last week, 100 soldiers armed with machine guns and bazookas suddenly sealed off a block in downtown Algiers. Then, like terriers, special squads went after their prey. He was Omar Harrag, 38, no less a figure than the police commissioner of Algiers.

Once the top cop had been a loyal F.L.N. fighter for Algeria's freedom. Now he was just another enemy of Premier Ahmed ben Bella—a member of the underground Party of the Socialist Revolution, which today accuses Ben Bella of "neocolonialism, personal dictatorship and sabotage of the revolution." Caught with Harrag in the roundup were about 40 fellow ringleaders in the underground party. Government agents also had their eyes on Algiers' Communists, whose organization now was outlawed. Ben Bella hastened to add that he had not banned the Communist Party—or any other group—for ideology alone. "It is simply prohibited," explained Information Minister Hadj Hamou, "as will be any party other than the F.L.N."

TRISTAN DA CUNHA

Paradise Knows

When a long-dormant volcano spewed molten rock over their windswept Atlantic island in October 1961, the 260 inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha were rescued and brought to never-had-it-so-good Britain. Last week, after a year's exposure to the packaged joys of the affluent society, the hardy, forthright islanders decided that they had never had it so bad. In a secret ballot to decide whether or not they should return to a primitive, precarious existence on their isolated island, adult Tristan islanders voted overwhelmingly, 148 to 5, to return home.

They would have little to go back to. An advance party that returned to Tristan last August reported that the volcano had ruined most of their houses, killed all their sheep, and destroyed the fish-freezing plant where many earned their living. But there were still fish in the sea, enough land for their potato crop, and green grass for the cattle. The exiles could hardly wait to leave. For though they had found good jobs and a warm reception in "England," most islanders—who are descended from sailors shipwrecked on the island in the 19th century—just could not cope with progress. Said one: "When you don't want to get up in the morning back home, you just stay in bed." Added 30-year-old Basil Lavarello: "TV nearly sends us mad. Cars, buses and trains roar like thunder through our brains. Way back in Tristan, a man can come to grips with his soul and his Creator."

OUTER MONGOLIA

Everything New Here Is Russian

India came to grief by counting on the Soviet Union's ability to hold Red China in check in Asia. Yet last week, a far more feeble Asian state, Outer Mongolia, was clinging firmly to the same policy.

A sprawling, empty land consisting of 615,000 sq. mi. of desert and steppe, lying between Russian Siberia and Red China, Outer Mongolia first showed its loyalty to Moscow by roundly condemning China's stooge, Albania. The Mongols went much farther last year, when Luvsanterengjin Tsende, the No. 2 Communist, charged that the "deep moral decay of the Chinese Communist Party" was evidenced by Peking's "groundless and malicious attacks on the Leninist party and the Soviet Union." In taking a hard line against Peking, Outer Mongolia was taking desperate chances, since its territory is surrounded on three sides by

China, and its 40,000-man army would be scarcely a bite-size morsel for the rapacious Red Chinese. So far, Russia's friendship has fended off the consequences.

Delicate Flavor. Until Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung began their public brawling, Outer Mongolia was a country that made headlines only in the *National Geographic* (a magazine that some Mongols think is the only one published in the U.S.). It is so remote that only 16 U.S. citizens have visited the country in the past two years. The most recent was LIFE Photographer Howard Sochurek, who last week reported on his 30-day stay in one of the "most oddball countries in the world."

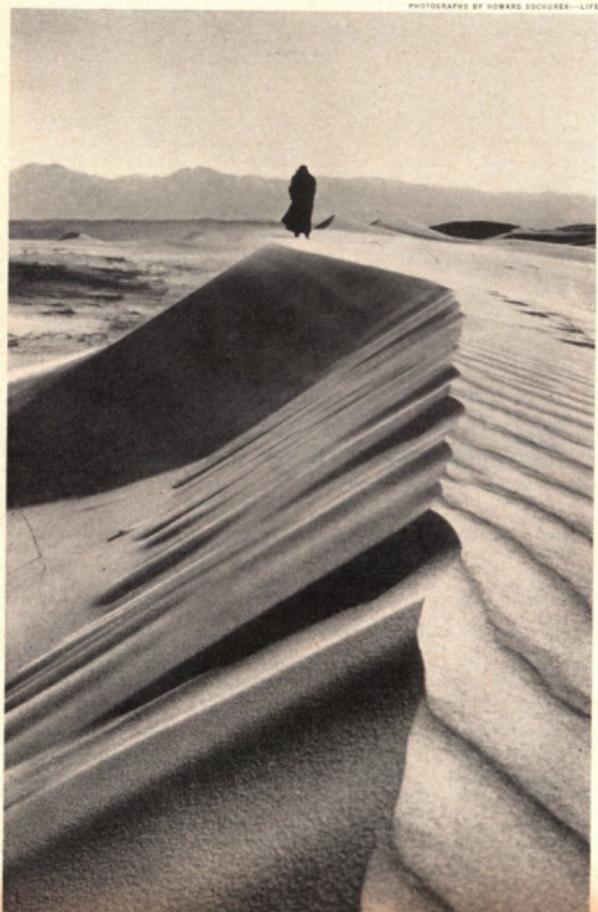
Outer Mongolia, says Sochurek, is basically two nations. One is the timeless meadowlands of Central Asia where nomads pasture their flocks and herds just as they did centuries ago under the rule of their great hero-king, Genghis Khan. Outer Mongolia has more yurts (circular,

felt-covered tents) than houses, and more cattle (21 million) than people (1,000,000). Mongols are born to the saddle, lasso their horses with nooses at the end of long poles, make a strong wine from fermented cow's milk and feast on such dainties as yak butter delicately flavored with yak urine, and sheep intestines stuffed with dried blood. Every traveler on the steppes is welcomed as an honored guest entitled to the best food and accommodations in the yurt.

The Blue Ants. The other Outer Mongolia is a newly awakened land bursting wide-eyed into the jet age. The capital city of Ulan Bator (Red Hero) boasts a finer hotel than any in Moscow. A state hospital, equipped by Czechoslovakia, is superbly run by a staff of 35 doctors (25 Mongols, five Russians, four Czechs, one Chinese). Sturdy Mongol girls tend up-to-date British machinery in a large textile mill, and the sons of nomad horsemen study physics at the state university. Russia and its European satellites have poured nearly \$3 billion into Outer Mongolia. Hungarian technicians operate 300 oil wells in the Gobi desert, and the crude oil is trucked to a Soviet-built refinery at Sain Shanda. At the town of Sukhe Bator is a paper mill and a factory that turns out prefabricated houses. The Russian metallurgical plant at Darkhan produces 300,000 tons of steel per year. Soviet geologists claim to have discovered important deposits of coal, copper, manganese fluoride, tin, zinc and wolfram.

Unable to compete in economic aid, Red China sent in 22,000 laborers, who have built dams, brick kilns, a glass factory, and a 50,000-kw. power plant. The blue-clad laborers (known locally as "blue ants") were promised land in Mongolia, but when the Mongols clearly lined up

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD SOCHUREK—LIFE



GOBI DESERT forms eerie sand patterns. Strolling Mongol in background is clad in shaggy dogskin coat common to country.



PREMIER TSEDENBAL, head of the Mongolian government and Communist Party, is Moscow-educated, married to a Russian girl, dependably pro-Soviet.

with Russia, Peking withdrew 14,000 workers. Those remaining stay close to their fenced-in barracks; it is doubtful that any will be allowed to stay on after their contracts expire.

Restive Lamas. Outer Mongolia won a precarious independence in 1921, when with Soviet help the Chinese officials were driven from the country and a "Peoples Revolutionary government" was established under Sukhe Bator, whose heroic statue stands in the center of Ulan Bator. The Red regime survived several uprisings led by Mongol princes and Buddhist lamas, and in 1945, as a result of the Yalta conference, Nationalist China agreed to a plebiscite in Outer Mongolia. The Reds saw to it that the vote for independence was unanimous.

Today the signs of Sovietization are everywhere. The architecture of Ulan Ba-

tor is Stalin-modern. The national newspaper *Unen* is a replica of Moscow's *Pravda*, and both words mean "truth." The farmers and herdsmen are grouped in collectives and on state farms, as in Russia. The No. 1 Communist, Tsedenbal, heads both the government and the party, as Khrushchev does in Moscow. Ulan Bator has a mausoleum, containing Sukhe Bator's remains, similar to the Lenin tomb in the Soviet capital. In 1946, Mongols adopted the Russian Cyrillic alphabet; their army is Russian trained and equipped. A Mongol guide explained, "Everything new here is Russian."

Outward Gaze. Forty years of Communism have not dimmed the charm, warmth and hospitality of the Mongolian people. They also retain an intense nationalism ("We feel close to Lenin," said one official, "because he had Mongolian blood



YOUNG WORKER in Ulan Bator textile mill is shown tending spools of yarn. Plant is equipped with

modern British machinery, employs 1,000 workers, 70% women. Typical wage is \$150 per month.

on his mother's side"), which still arouses Russian suspicion. A member of the Mongolian Communist Central Committee was expelled this year for ultranationalist tendencies. Pride in their country's achievements makes Mongols eager for contact with the rest of the world, and Mongolia has tried hard to establish diplomatic relations with the U.S. On the occasion of Outer Mongolia's admission to the United Nations last year, Washington declared it had "explored the possibility" of exchanging ambassadors with Ulan Bator. The exploration indicated that 1) Nationalist China was strongly opposed, and 2) Congress would not be happy to have the U.S. recognize still another Communist country. For these reasons, the Kennedy Administration decided that it would be "in the best interests of the U.S. to suspend further study of the question."



MONGOL TROOPS in Russian uniforms march across Ulan Bator's main square on 45th anniversary of Bolshevik Revolution. The 40,000-man army is believed efficient, though untested.



COLLECTIVE FARM WOMAN rides reindeer near Lake Khubsgul at the Siberian border. Mongols use them for transportation in mountains as they are more sure-footed than horses.

PEOPLE

In Rome Pope John XXIII was on his way "to a complete recovery," and appeared at St. Peter's to close the first session of the Second Vatican Council. Meanwhile in Boston, **Richard Cardinal Cushing**, 67, allowed as how he, too, suffers from a stomach ailment—bleeding ulcers—and recalled discussing it two months ago with the Pontiff. Warmly sympathetic, the Pope recommended a little bicarbonate of soda before going to bed. "Your Holiness," replied Cushing, "thank God you're not infallible when prescribing medicine. That's the worst thing you can take for ulcers."*

"Trespassing," said the defendants. "Inadvertent," corrected the jury. Four years ago, **Virginia Warren Daly**, 34, daughter of Supreme Court Justice Earl Warren and wife of *What's My Linesman* John Charles Daly, was walking through an alley at the finish of a night baseball game in Washington, D.C., fell into a stairwell adjoining a gas station and broke her right leg in three places. Demanding \$50,000 from the gas station and an oil company, she won \$17,000 damages for her injuries.

The trip from the 50-yd. line to the bench was a proud one for **Byron R. ("Whizzer") White**, 45. An All-America halfback at Colorado ('37), White won a Rhodes scholarship, played pro football for Pittsburgh and Detroit, finished at the top of his class at Yale Law School, finally made the biggest time of all when President Kennedy sent him in as Associate Supreme Court Justice in 1962. In recognition of White's unsurpassed career as athlete and jurist, the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame gave him its fifth annual Gold Medal Award. Another honor: a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* 1962 Silver All-America Award, calling him "the greatest athlete of his time."

Her queen's coronet padded with Band-Aids to make it bearably wearable, Argentinian **Norma Beatriz Nolan**, 24, Miss

* Doctors generally agree. Though bicarb is an antacid, daily doses upset the stomach's delicate acid-base balance, irritating the ulcer even more.

Universe of 1962, was on her way around the world, earning her \$15,000 cash prize and \$7,000 mink coat by promoting the sponsors' products. The itinerary calls for stops from Portugal to Korea. But right now it was a Detroit shopping center where she turned her perfect profile to photographers, fixed her pretty smile firmly in place, and cranked out her autograph for coveys of bedazzled teen-agers.

Looking greyer and more gravelly than ever, **Frank Costello**, 71, learned that the U.S. has every intention of giving him the boot—right back to his native Cosenza on Italy's instep. The gangland chieftain was stripped of his citizenship in 1959 after a U.S. district judge ruled that the onetime rumrunner and kewpie-doll salesman had been naturalized fraudulently in 1925. Now the U.S. Court of Appeals in Manhattan has turned down his attempt to upset a deportation order. Rasped Costello: "Italy is O.K. to visit but not to live in too long."

"I've had arthritis in my right arm and leg since I was 80," chuckled **Lord Beveridge**, 83. "I see doctors everywhere, and don't pay a farthing." Economist Beveridge, who was celebrating the 20th anniversary of his famous report that helped spawn Britain's National Health Service, still cracks the dawn daily at 5:30 a.m., is now at work on a three-volume history of prices and wages in England, plans to go on writing and getting farthing-free medicare "long after 93."

Celebrating his 106th birthday in Manhattan, the Rev. Dr. **Arthur J. Brown**, grand old man of Presbyterian missions, founder of the Protestant ecumenical movement, greeted his admirers with a twinkle and recalled a previous birthday at a school in West Brookfield, Mass. "One hundred years ago today," he said, "I faced an audience for the first time. Then, as now, I said,

You'd hardly think that one my age, Would speak in public on the stage."

His highest salary in twelve terms was only \$9,300. But Bridgeport, Conn.'s late Mayor **Jasper McLevy**, 84, a Socialist with a banker's respect for a dollar, proved as frugal with his own funds as he had been with those of his city. He left an estate of \$125,000, most of which goes to his wife and family, with one \$600 bequest set aside to establish an appropriate annual essay prize for high school seniors. Subject: "How to Set Up an Annual Budget for the City of Bridgeport."

Bundled to the dewlaps in white lynx and looking like the \$1,000,000 she gets these days for a movie, **Elizabeth Taylor**, 30, arrived in London with Companion Richard Burton to brave the same sort of *puree mongole* smog that nearly did her in last year. While a phalanx of huskies kept photographers at bay, the Serpent of the Nile and Thames skittered into a blue



ELIZABETH TAYLOR
Lynx.

Jaguar, toolled off to the Dorchester Hotel, where she and Burton have booked separate suites. Next week they begin a new film, *The VIPs*, in which they play a fogbound man and wife.

Last year the relief rollers of Newburgh, N.Y., were briefly put on a bread-and-water basis by City Manager **Joseph McDowell Mitchell**, 40, who decreed a belt tightening on the use of welfare funds. Now it was Mitchell who might be getting a taste of tin-plate victuals. Mitchell was arrested and charged with agreeing to a \$20,000 bribe from two real estate men who wanted a variance in a zoning rule in order to build a multiple-dwelling housing development. The brothers told the cops, turned the 20 grand over to Mitchell's bagman in a Manhattan hotel room while detectives waited outside to nab him.

In Hong Kong, where his official regimental duty is second-in-command of Squadron C of the Royal Scots Greys, the **Duke of Kent**, a captain at 27, picked up another job: Officer in Charge of Gorkats. But the duke, a cousin of the



DUKE OF KENT
Jinx.



MISS UNIVERSE
Mink.



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Queen with a reputation for zoom in sports cars back home, was having his woes with the lawnmower-engined buzz bombs. In a regimental race, his kart had no go, and though he leaned professionally into the turns, he wound up, according to one polite observer, "among the last."

A young lady's debut is merely the beginning, and nobody knows it better than Manhattan's Multi-Cotillionaireess **Marguerite Slocum**, 18. Since her official launching on the bubbly high seas of society last August at a Newport ball for 700, Marguerite has been presented at the Tuxedo Autumn Ball, the Grosvenor, the First Junior Assembly, is yet to be introduced at the Debutante Cotillion and Christmas Ball, the Second Junior Assembly and the International Ball. Fed to



DEBUTANTE SLOCUM

Above the décolletage.

the décolletage with the standard dress for such affairs, Maverick Marguerite set Manhattan lorgnettes snapping when she appeared at the Imperial Ball, not in debutante white but in Jezebel red.

At a Manhattan luncheon, West Point Cadet **Colin Kelly III**, 22, son of World War II's Distinguished Service Cross-winning air hero, heard Dwight Eisenhower recount how Franklin D. Roosevelt requested that some future President appoint the hero's son, then an infant of 18 months, to West Point as a tribute to his father's bravery. Yet when he offered the young man a presidential appointment, continued Ike, young Kelly politely declined the favor: "Thank you very much—I'll earn it myself." "Which he did," said Ike. After lunch, the old soldier joined Kelly and his West Point glee clubmates in *On, Brave Old Army Team*, sang so well that one cadet marveled, "He was right on pitch," causing the New York Daily News to headline, OK, MITCH, MOVE OVER!



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SHOW BUSINESS

ACTRESSES

The Jades' Apprentice

Once upon a movie screen, semiliterate blondes could make U.S. men ooooo, whistle, and squirm. Childlike smiles and bulging blouses suggested an irresistible, infantile heaven. But those were only growth pains. Now that the country has matured into world leadership, American men go to the movies to see not girls but women. This has even become the epoch of the opulent jade, all the Melina Mercouris and Jeanne Moreaus, whose frank stares suggest a fully ripened hell and provoke an uncontrollable urge to total ruin.

Austria's Romy Schneider wants to be a jade too. She is only 24. She has a neat little nose, powder-blue eyes, and a pixy grin. She is real real cute. "God, I hate that word," she says. For years, she was repeatedly cast in German films more or less as Shirley Templehof, the cardboard princess. Determinedly, she has changed all that. Last week in London, dressed in tights and high black stockings, she began work in Carl Foreman's *The Victors* as a cabaret violinist turned whore, playfully kicking up her heels and pulling her tights smooth over her alert backside. Spurred by competition, she may create the greatest whore since the fall of the Ptolomies. Mercouri and Moreau are in *The Victors* as well.

Gaiety & Repudiation. To reach this moment, she has had to shed more than the memory of her early career. She was born in Vienna before World War II, when the city was still trying to be gay. Her moth-

er, Magda Schneider, was a weepy, waltzy actress who was the Jeanette MacDonald of prewar Austria. Her father, Wolf Albach-Retty, was a celebrated actor, and is still a staple of the Vienna Volkstheater. Now divorced, the couple in those days had a retreat at Berchtesgaden, where Romy (a contraction of Rose-Marie) was raised by grandparents. There she played acted alone before her mother's mirror in the fairy-tale house among the snow-laden Bavarian firs.

When she was 15, she acted with her mother in her first movie. She could have gone on in German films forever, but at 19, she went to Paris and found something more to her liking. She converted herself into a Frenchwoman so thoroughly that today when German reporters ask her questions in German, she answers in French—or in her more recently acquired English.

Silence & Ambivalence. The professional transition that prepared her to bat in the same boudoir with Mercouri and Moreau began with the part of the pretty young wife of the dissolute count in Luchino Visconti's segment of *Boccaccio '70*. But the role still had a touch of the old sentimentality in it, since Director Visconti had her cry while she was collecting money from her husband for granting him his marital consortium. Orson Welles has presumably buffed her up further as the nymphomaniac Leni in his still unreleased version of Franz Kafka's *The Trial*. Now she is undoubtedly ready to win her permanent place in a woman's world.

French Actor Alain Delon has helped too. He was her co-star in a 1961 Paris production of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*. They have been man and mistress for four years. She calls him "my engaged husband." Fond of the conjugal we, she likes to say "we have 3,000 records," or "we both love dogs," or "we are getting married after Christmas, probably in the country, or in the snow." Delon preserves snowy silence.

As an actress, Romy has developed an almost military sense of profession. But she has little patience for schooled techniques. "What is the Method?" she says. "I don't know what it is. Acting is acting. You know what to do. My mother always quoted a director who said, 'Damn it, don't think, act!'" But in spite of herself, Romy Schneider thinks a great deal about her work, particularly about how difficult it is "to be a real human being in life" as well as on the stage. "Yes," she finishes with an ambivalent grin, "to make love well is hardest of all."

BROADWAY How to Go On Succeeding

Long runs in musicals can be like long runs in stockings. Things get shabby. Dancing becomes listless. There is something a little threadbare about the beat, the book, the cast, the chorus. Even the tickets seem faded.



FRIEDMAN-ADELES

VALLEE, CLAUSSSEN & MORSE

Really trying.

Actors start playing the match trick—lighting a match and holding it until it burns their fingers, thus distracting the audience's attention from another actor. The geometrics of their love affairs become hopelessly complicated, and morale is chewed up by cliques, gossip, and fierce little jealousies. Meanwhile, the washed and eager faces out front are sitting on upholstery that may be wearing out, but is still worth about \$9,60 a square foot. After hearing of this great musical for months and months, they have finally taken out a second mortgage and bought tickets, and what do they see?

Sometimes they see a surprisingly crisp show. Some 14 months and 483 performances old, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* today fairly glistens with evidence that it is, in point of fact, trying very hard. It is not only the best but also the best-preserved musical now running. And what's more, it is a better show now than it was when it opened.

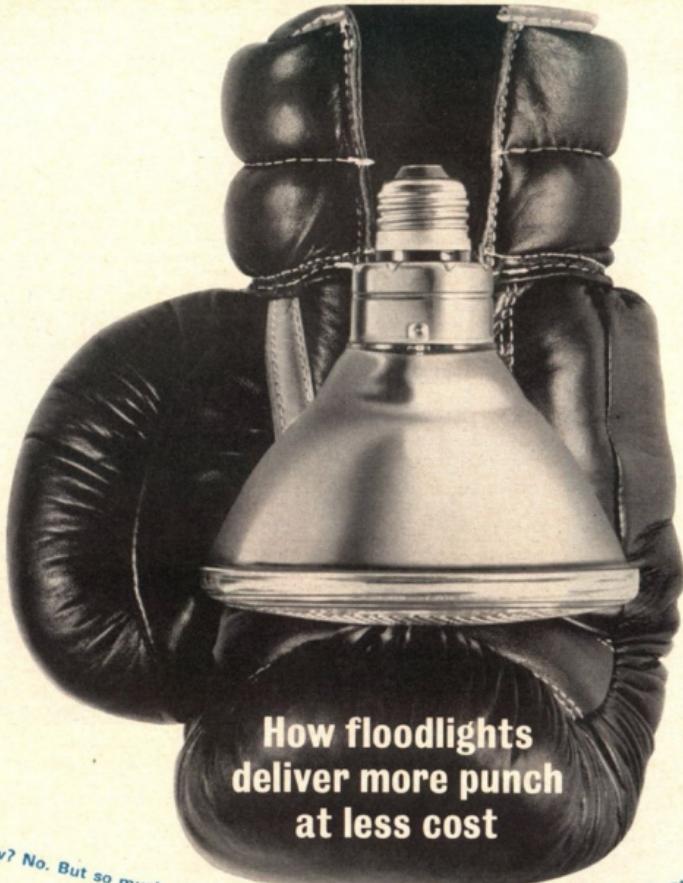
Forgotten Flaw. In the early performances, something went wrong at the end. After recording with satirical relish the expanding fortune of a vicious, backbiting, devious, ruthless little sweet-smiling crud, the show ended with a number called *Brotherhood of Man*, delivered in a manner that seemed to say: "All right, fellas, all right, we've just been kidding around for two hours; we really love each other, we all believe in Help the Other Fellow and Turn the Other Cheek; now let's all say we're buddies and go home." Star Bobby Morse lacked mordancy in delivering that final song, but he has since acquired it. The number now has a bristling irony. Where once it seemed to reach for mother, it now kicks her down the stairs, a wonderfully mean-spirited climax to a wicked, funny show.

No Tricks. How does a show stay so alive? A big reason is in having its stars—Morse and Rudy Vallee—still on hand. In



MARS KAUFFMAN

ROMY SCHNEIDER
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the female roles, Virginia Martin has gone off to *Little Me* and Bonnie Scott to have twins, but the new girls—Joy Claussen and Michele Lee—are adequately brassy and ingenuous. But if this is luck, Writer-Director Abe Burrows gives it a hand. He has a chart in his pocket that tells him the exact hour and minute that any given number or scene begins. Deciding to check on, say, the *I Believe in You* sequence, he pops into the theater at 10:39, and if anything is slipshod, Burrows will be crashing around backstage making a disturbance at 11:15, perhaps calling for a morning rehearsal. Similar sneak visits are frequently made by Choreographer Bob Fosse, Producers Cy Feuer and Ernie Martin. Says Pressagent Merle Debuskey: "It's like Big Brother."

It's like big box office too. And onstage, not one of the successful successors has yet tried the match trick.

TELEVISION

Credo of a Wrong-Living Man

In Hollywood, Clifford Odets pounded his coffee table with his fist. He jumped up, paced, and pulled at his greying and thinning but still curly hair. His bushy eyebrows rose dramatically to a point and formed a triangle with eyes that flashed fire and looked as if they might come bulleting out through the lenses of his horn-rimmed glasses. He was all but shouting: "In the '30s, with all the scrabbling and pain, people had hard, hermetic identities. They knew where they were going. Today the American people don't know who they are or where they're going."

Clifford Odets knows where he is going—to NBC as a television writer. He was the dramatic laureate of the 1930s, when his *Waiting for Lefty* and *Awake and Sing* gave promise of a bright new American theater of protest. For 27 years, he has been a richly rewarded scriptwriter and adapter in Hollywood, and during the same period he has turned out several relatively bland plays—including *Golden Boy*—for Broadway.

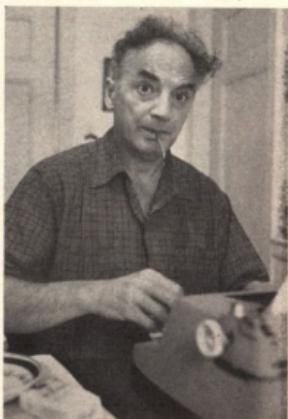
Cussing Gusto. NBC, turning cart-wheels as if it had just signed Christopher Marlowe, announced last week that Odets has agreed to participate in a TV series with Star Richard Boone of *Have Gun Will Travel* that will be quite similar to the old summer stock company on NBC's *Robert Montgomery Presents*: a different play each week, acted by a regular repertory company but with guest stars. Odets will supervise all the scripts and write at least four of the first 13 shows.

It is doubtful that Odets' own pungency will manifest itself on TV, but there is no doubt that it still exists—if only in the turbulent air above his coffee table, which is often covered with bits of four half-finished plays and the nearly complete libretto of a musical version of *Golden Boy*, which will star Sammy Davis Jr. on Broadway next season. With almost no prompting, the playwright is ready to sound off with four-letter gusto about almost anything.

"There is the mistaken idea," he says in self-defense, "that if you stay on Broadway and do plays—not matter how bad—this makes you a moral, right-living man. Come to Hollywood, and this makes you a wrong-living man. All the really great artists are professional craftsmen who write everything. But there is this idea in the U.S. that there's something nasty, unsavory or immoral about doing professional craftsmanship."

So much for people who wonder why he wrote a movie for Elvis Presley.

Some Ideas. Meanwhile, what has been going on in the theater during his absence? "Not a damned thing. There is little significant writing on the burning issues of the day. Working in plays—in a viable form that expresses these things to



JULIAN WASSE

CLIFFORD ODETS
And also to hell with the astronauts.

an American audience so that they get it—is not easy. The theater needs new forms. I think audiences are hungry for new ideas like they never were before." Among his ideas:

► "Conformity is basically a psychotic state. That is the frontier that has to be opened. To hell with the astronauts. To hell with the moon. There's a whole sky in your chest that's waiting to be explored."

► "Be decent, we say, don't complain. This is a new kind of Calvinism that allows no individualism. It is a frightening phenomenon and as rigid as any Calvinism ever practiced."

► "We won't have any American culture until a lot of people stay home and say what is important and good here."

► "Madison Avenue has taken the enemy out of American life. We don't know who the enemy is with a capital E. This is a frightening thing. Who gives a goddam about moon shots when you see zombies walking around with lost souls? This is why I have to write plays."

Heaven help him when he springs some of those ideas on NBC-no-evil.



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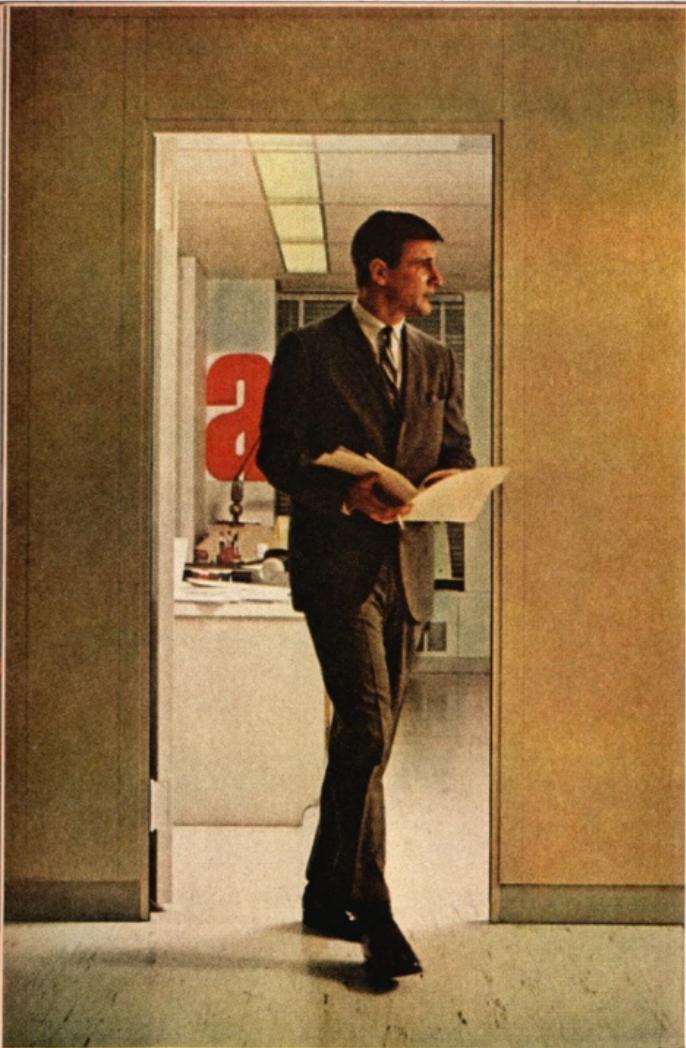
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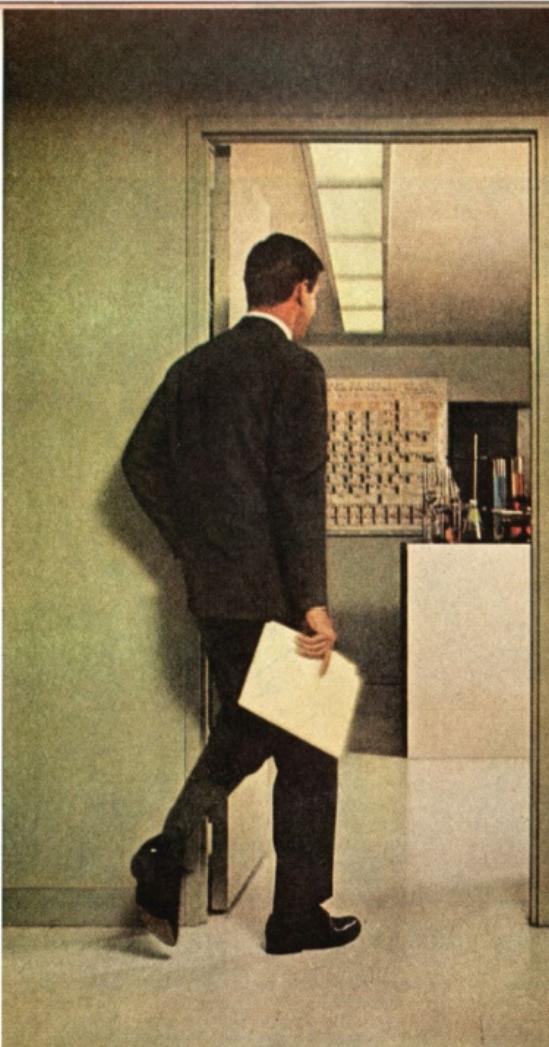
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THE PRESS

Classic Conflict: The President & the Press

In many respects, the dialogue sounded like an old morality play, and in many respects it was just that. Front and center stood John F. Kennedy, surrounded by a hostile chorus whose outcry ranged from rage through bluster, hysteria and lament. The chorus was the U.S. press. Like all his predecessors, the country's 35th President seemed to be infringing on the press's most treasured possession, freedom. And with the spirit of long experience, the press sounded the traditional discords of protest.

As with most morality plays, this classic conflict between President and press was

the word—he conveniently separates the wheat from the chaff.

Calculated Leak. One reason for the perfunctory quality of some of the press criticism is that, during two years in office, Kennedy has committed no serious offenses against press freedom. Even when he buttoned official Washington up tight during the Cuban crisis, the news still flowed. Said Press Secretary Salinger last week, defending the Administration's information policy during the crisis period: "I have not had a regular correspondent cite me a single example of where they felt they were denied legitimate information."

But if Kennedy is guilty of no gross censorship, he is at least chargeable, in the opinion of his critics, with an array of annoying misdemeanors. He has betrayed a chronic tendency to regard the press as a personal tool of high utility. He has refined the use of the calculated leak, a common Capitol device. Among the White House press corps, his favorites may fluctuate, but its top echelons generally include newsmen who are also close Kennedy friends. And the President has become a past master at choosing the right reporter to loft trial balloons.

At his command, all federal communications channels have been reduced to tributaries whose source is the White House. This centralization began early and drew the first critical fire. When, in January 1961, Kennedy edited a speech by the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Arleigh Burke, and directed all other military brass to submit to the same treatment, the press emitted loud cries of censorship. But though the Kennedy edict certainly frustrated loose talk from the Pentagon, its effect has not been altogether negative. The din of senselessness and longstanding interservice quarrels no longer reaches the public ear.

Wartime Severity. Kennedy's inclination to manipulate the news might have ruffled few feathers but for one major tactical error. In some measure, all U.S. Presidents have managed the news flow from Washington. The Kennedy Administration's mistake, compounded many times, was to talk out loud about it.

In April last year, after the invasion of Cuba met disaster in the Bay of Pigs, the President used the occasion to propose a voluntary press censorship in the interests of national security (TIME, May 5, 1961). His appeal was not only unnecessary but ill-timed and ill-advised. The U.S. press retorted that it was always concerned with the national interest, and coldly rejected his proposal.

During this year's Cuba crisis, the White House invoked news-control measures that approached wartime severity. At the departments of Defense and State, no one was allowed to speak to newsmen without a monitor present or unless the gist of the interview was later reported to a public information officer. Reporters were barred from accompanying the quar-

antine fleet to the Caribbean. The news, filtered through the White House, often came late. By the time Kennedy announced two inspections of Cuba-bound Soviet ships, there had been 50.

But the rules themselves were not nearly so intolerable to the press as the White House insistence on revealing its controlling hand. The monitoring regulation—a system tried and abandoned by Eisenhower—could have been applied without official comment, but both State and Defense issued formal announcements. To make matters worse, Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, advertised the fact that the press had been pressed into Government service. "In the kind of world we live in," said he, "the generation of news by actions taken by the Government is one weapon in a strained situation. The results, in my opin-



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"EN GARDE!"

part illusion, an effect heightened by the black-and-white technique of the editorial cartoonists, who made the issue seem starker than it really was (*see cuts*). Some of the other protests had a ritual ring. "We have in the past few weeks," said U.S. Representative John E. Moss, chairman of the special House subcommittee on Government information, "experienced a degree of Government news management which is unique in peacetime, a disturbing period of unplanned and unprecedented news management." Moss's charge was not without repeated precedent: he has taxed previous Administrations with much the same sin.

Moreover, the loudest hollering came from those who were the least hurt—from some Washington correspondents whose initiative has gone to sleep under a blanket of Government handouts. Recently, when Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger distributed a particularly bulky release, he was asked to identify the key passages, so that these press inquirers would not have to waste their own time searching for the lead of their story. In any list of appointments, White House correspondents no longer have to hunt for the significant names: Salinger has gotten

ion, justify the methods we used." Last week Sylvester took the trouble to repeat himself. He knew why restrictions were necessary, he said. When he was a reporter for the Newark Evening News, some of the officials who answered some of the questions he asked "were jerks for doing so." He reiterated his dedication to the proposition that the Government has a right "to lie to save itself."

On Guard. All this was like rubbing salt in a wound, and the press responded by raising a mighty ruckus. Mark Watson, military reporter for the Baltimore Sun, was reminded of "the policy and performance of Adolf Hitler's propaganda chief, Joseph Paul Goebbels." Wrote Joe Alsop in a column careless of any strain it might put on his friendship with the President: "The caves of the policymakers still too strongly resemble mushroom cellars. The danger is airlessness, in other words, and this airlessness can be too easily fatal, unless the caves are regularly ventilated by the winds of national doubt."

Small chance the press would ever let the winds stop blowing. The easing of the Cuban crisis, and the relaxation of some controls, had perhaps removed the danger of any serious impairment of press free-



GOSSIP MAGAZINE COVERS
Tastelessness compounded by emptiness.

dom. But by flaunting its taste for news manipulation, the White House had put the press on guard. As if in proof, U.S. dailies helped build a national *cause célèbre* out of a magazine article (*see cover story*) in which they thought they detected presidential footprints.

"Cheesy"

Reading through the New York Times last week, President Kennedy came upon a story that demanded action. So the President sent Press Secretary Salinger a memo urging him to look into the possibilities of a high-level Government attempt to remedy a clear evil.

What kind of crisis was this? Cuba? Berlin? Adlai? Taxes? No, it was about Jacqueline Kennedy and her press. As the Times story pointed out, Jackie has been the victim of a noisome tide of gossip stories in movie mags and *Confidential*-type rags. Month after month, Jackie's picture, and often Caroline's, has been splashed on the covers of such magazines. Teaser cover headlines are calculated to still breathless readers into thinking that they will learn about the most intimate recesses of Jackie's life. The articles inside never live up to the billing. Samples:

- HOW LONG CAN THEY HIDE THE TRUTH FROM CAROLINE KENNEDY? Story: "the truth" that Caroline is a celebrity who must be protected from overexposure to the public.
- HOW JACKIE KENNEDY KEEPS LOVE ALIVE. Story: "The love that glows between them is a living fire she never leaves unlit. And in the countless ways of a woman who puts her man and his happiness above all things, she has learned to keep that love alive . . ."
- TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME! THE ILLNESS THAT'S BREAKING JACKIE'S HEART. Story: the illness is Old Joe Kennedy's.
- IS THE HONEYMOON OVER FOR JACKIE? Story: the "honeymoon" with the American people is being threatened by those who are jealous of Jackie.
- HOW JACKIE GETS ALONG WITH THE IN-LAWS. Conclusion: fine.
- JACKIE TURNS HER BACK ON HOLLYWOOD. Reason: she hates it.

► THE TRUTH ABOUT JACKIE AND HER SISTER! Story: they like each other.

► THE HIDDEN LIFE OF JACKIE KENNEDY.

Story: she loves her husband, and "their joy is their solitude together."

All told, those magazines that trade most heavily on "exposés" about Jackie have a combined circulation of more than 6,000,000 copies a month. The President has called their articles "cheesy." They certainly are—and the tastelessness of the publishers is only compounded by the emptiness of the sensations they promise.

Strikes for Christmas

For the second time in four years, the biggest metropolitan newspaper-reading public in the U.S. was left without a daily paper to read. After months of wrangling with New York City publishers, members of the typographical union walked out. Only a month before, the New York dailies settled with the American Newspaper Guild, signing a contract that raised wages an average of \$8 a week over two years, after an eight-day strike at the Daily News, largest U.S. daily. But that settlement was not enough for the typographers, and the city's daily combined run of 5,700,000 papers put out by 20,000 employees was stopped dead.

Uncomfortable Awareness. Technically, the union was striking against New York's four strongest papers—the morning Times and News and the afternoon Journal-American and World-Telegram. Ostensibly, the union's agreement to permit the morning Herald Tribune and Mirror and the afternoon Post to continue publishing was based on the idea that this would allow New Yorkers to get something in the way of news to read. But behind this action was the uncomfortable awareness that the Post and Mirror are primarily too weak financially to withstand a strike of any duration. The publishers saw the four-paper ploy as a union attempt to use one group of papers against the other, and so decided to stop the presses en masse.

The typographers demanded twice the amount the publishers settled for with the Guild, plus shorter hours and new

fringe benefits, including increased vacations. When the walkout came, some publishers put the blame squarely on Bertram A. Powers, 40, tough president of the New York Typographical Union No. 6. They charged that Powers is trying to make a name for himself with a successful strike against the big-city dailies. According to this reasoning, Powers deliberately set his union's demands at an unacceptable high. Said one disgusted publisher: "Powers wants a dead to the premises."

Inadequate Substitute. Though the walkout came at the peak of the Christmas shopping season, New York's papers had already carried the major portion of their gift advertising before they stopped the presses. Those that publish Sunday papers managed also to get ad-packed editions, made up of early-printed sections, off the presses before the walkout.

With the strike in full force, metropolitan radio and TV stations swiftly expanded their news coverage, but this was at best an inadequate substitute for the papers. The last New York City newspaper blackout ran for 19 days during the 1958 Christmas season. How long the current one would last was anybody's guess, but both sides sounded as if they were digging in for a long siege.

Cleveland's two daily newspapers were hopefully getting ready to rev up their presses following a strike that has blacked out that city's news-by-reading since Nov. 29. Two unions—the American Newspaper Guild and Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters—had shut down the morning Plain Dealer and the afternoon Press & News after coming to a stalemate in negotiations on job security and wage increases. At week's end, a local citizens' committee talked the drivers into returning to work and was waiting for assent from the Guild. All told, the strike cost Cleveland's papers nearly half a million dollars in lost Christmas-shopping advertising.



WALTER DANA
TYPOGRAPHERS BOSS POWERS
Demands multiplied by ambition?



A word to the wives...

***whose husbands are
going on a business
trip to Europe***

Your husband's business trips to Europe need no longer be the break-neck experiences they used to be...once he discovers Cunard's Vacation Island—and takes *you* along! So many important, stimulating couples always travel First Class aboard the stabilizer-equipped superliners Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary. And after five relaxed days at sea—only *three* of them regular working days—you and your husband will *feel* so much better.

With that marvelous Cunard food, fun, and flawless service, how could you help feeling better? No wonder more and more corporations, large and small, say to their executives: "Go at least *one* way by Cunard." They—and you—have an investment in the health and fitness of that pressure-packed husband of yours. If he *must* work en route, there are secretarial services available as well as ship-to-shore telephones on the "Queens."

Sea-Air Combination: If your husband is pressed for time, combine a relaxing 5-day superliner crossing with one way by air and still enjoy the 10% Thrift Season round-trip saving. Regular jet service by Cunard Eagle Airways to London from Miami via Nassau & Bermuda. Also 50 BOAC flights weekly from the U.S.A. to Europe by Boeing 707 jetliners or jet-prop Britannias. Flight reservations through any Cunard office or your travel agent.

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***"Getting there is half the fun"
... and good business, too!***

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QUEEN ELIZABETH • QUEEN MARY • MAURETANIA • CARONIA
SYLVANIA • CARINTHIA • FRANCONIA (new) • CARMANIA (new)

CUNARD LINE:
Main Office in U.S.A., 25 Broadway, New York 4, N.Y.

EDUCATION

Rx for "Infectious Ignorance"

His forehead furrowed with the effort of concentration, a massive, middle-aged Negro sat scrunched at a fourth-grader's desk in a Chicago public school. Bent over a ruled notebook, he slowly scrawled one letter, then another. Finally he leaned back and smiled. "Look at that," he beamed at his neighbor. "Look at that." It was something to see. For the first time in his life, the man had written his name. Joyfully, he wrote it again, and then again.

Climbing Costs. Last week such humble dramas of achievement were taking place at ten schools scattered all over Chicago. In a mass attack on illiteracy, the

rance in 1959, when the recession receded but relief rolls kept climbing. In a survey of able-bodied reliefers, he discovered that 50% were "functional illiterates," incapable of reading street signs, want ads, or the simplest instructions, and therefore unable to perform even most "service" jobs.

"Beyond Belief." Hilliard decided that "the only effective way to get these people jobs is to educate them." Early this year, he launched his assault on ignorance by ordering 381 reliefers back to school on penalty of losing their relief checks.⁹ Enthusiastically supported by the Chicago board of education, which provides 210 teachers, the program offers four hours a week of evening classes, from elementary



CLASS AT CHICAGO VOCATIONAL SCHOOL
Extracurricular reading: help-wanted ads.

first of its kind in a big U.S. city, Chicago has set out to cure thousands of men and women of what Raymond W. Hilliard, director of the Cook County Department of Public Aid, calls "infectious ignorance"—uneducated, unemployable people breeding ever greater numbers of children in turn grow up to be uneducated and unemployable.

The measure of Chicago's unemployment problem is that last month Cook County doled out \$15.7 million in relief funds to 269,370 recipients, most of them physically able to work. Currently on relief are 7.7% of Chicago's entire population, 25% of its Negroes. The people on relief are no longer mostly dazed newcomers from the Deep South, but longtime Chicagoans, many of them squeezed out of jobs by technological change. As more and more of the economy's jobs require education and skills, fewer and fewer jobs are available for the ignorant.

No sentimentalist, Director Hilliard became alarmed at the high cost of igno-



MEN AT STUDY



HILLIARD

grades into high school. Enrollment has already soared to 7,290. On their own, mothers set up a baby-sitting system, enabling all to attend class on alternate nights. One school invites children, gives them lessons in one room while parents study in another. Of more than 17,000 people put on the eligible list for the program so far, only six have refused to join, and of those who joined, only two have been dropped for cutting classes. The overall attendance rate is 75%. "Our students," says Hilliard, "have shown eagerness beyond belief."

Hilliard's program has already shown striking successes. Last year a local garment factory tested 25 women on relief for jobs as power-sewing-machine operators. All flunked, many unable to even decipher the application blank. After at-

⁹ After acrimonious debate, the Illinois Public Aid Commission last week voted 6 to 4 to use public funds to provide contraceptives for women on relief. Eligible: "Any recipient with a spouse or a child, who requests such assistance."

tending classes for six months, they retook the test; 18 passed. Nine months ago, a cab company rejected five reliefers as drivers because they could not fill out trip sheets. Last week, after Hilliard's treatment, all five were hired; one man earned \$20 his first day.

A \$2,000,000 Bargain. Though off relief, the new cabbies decided to keep on with their schooling. For a model they can look to Hilliard's star pupil, Laborer William Rhymes, 53, jobless since 1959, who recently outshone hundreds of rivals in a stiff exam for high school entrance. Now he aims to earn a diploma in three years. "No kid of mine is ever going to drop out of school," vows Rhymes. That's saying a lot—he has 14.

The biggest single educational problem in Chicago's program, which is now being eyed by other big cities, is a lack of suitable primers for adults. "We can't have these grown men and women reading about the little red hen," says one official. To meet the need, teachers are writing their own readers, inventing new educational tricks. They are winning the confidence of their pupils, some of them so self-conscious about their lack of education that one man, for example, habitually carried a newspaper with him to mask his total illiteracy. Next month, enrollment will reach 8,000, and 10,000 more people are waiting to sign up. If he can find the money, Pioneer Hilliard hopes to expand to 60,000 students. All he needs is \$2,000,000 a year—not so much compared to Cook County's \$16 million monthly relief bill.

Science v. Imagination

Liberal arts majors on campus, and in later life, too, often get a grating impression that physical science majors consider the choice of "hard" sciences an automatic proof of intellectual superiority. But is it? Definitely not in Britain, anyway, says Psychologist Liam Hudson of Cambridge University—not if the criterion is a capacity for imaginative thinking.

In the British magazine *Nature*, Hudson reports on results he got from tests based on the creativity theories of University of Chicago Psychologists Jacob W. Getzels and Philip W. Jackson (TIME, Oct. 31, 1960). They put forward the now respected idea that a high IQ is not a reliable sign of "giftedness," may simply indicate "convergent" thinking, or mental grey-flannelism. Truly creative children, they say, are "divergent" types who tend to find IQ tests boring, do not readily accept the "right" answer as the right one. Seeking a better gauge than IQ, the Chicago team devised various tests to spot divergents. Instead of asking students to pick "right" answers, the tests ask them to make up alternate endings for fables, write stories suggested by "stimulus" pictures, supply "as many different uses as you can" for everyday objects.

Psychologist Hudson gave Getzels-Jackson tests to 95 schoolboys, aged 15 to 17. To his own surprise, the top scores came from those specializing in history and English literature. The least creative,



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Problem: Could you afford to pay for the proper medical care if someone in your family got sick?

Prescription: Protect your family now, while they're well, under the Travelers umbrella of insurance protection.

The Travelers offers Health Insurance policies that cover almost any kind of accident or illness—including expensive operations and prolonged illnesses you can't possibly foresee or bank against yourself.

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Pot Luck...

That's what a lot of investors seem willing to take, if you can judge by the stocks they own.

A mistake?

Of course. With tens of thousands of different issues to choose from, the ones you own should accurately reflect *your* reasons for investing, *your* expectations in the way of risks and rewards.

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But if you're not sure, maybe you'd like to have our Research Department review your holdings in the light of your financial circumstances and your investment objectives.

There's no charge. We don't want you to feel obligated in any way. And whatever you tell us about your situation will be held in strict confidence.

JOSEPH C. QUINN



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MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
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Which holiday greeting is older... the first Christmas Card or Gordon's Gin?

Gordon's Gin was an English holiday greeting 74 years before Mr. J. C. Horsley designed the first Christmas card. The Gordon's you drink today harks back to Alexander Gordon's original 1769 formula, for one doesn't tamper with a good thing... especially when it is the world's biggest seller. This year send cards, serve and give Gordon's London Dry Gin.



100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

according to Hudson's findings: physical science students, Young scientists, says Hudson, "tend to be less intellectually flexible than young arts specialists, and more restricted emotionally."

Imperfect Test

Spreading steadily in the Ivy League is a resistance movement against overreliance on objective tests in deciding who gets in. Last week the movement got new support from Columbia's undergraduate admissions director, Henry S. Coleman, who voiced some doubts about the most sacrosanct test of all, the college board verbal aptitude exam.

Usually the gates slam on an Ivy applicant who scores below 550 in the test (scored from 200 to 800), but last year Columbia experimentally took a chance on 72 hopefuls who had done just that. Coleman happily reports that 69 of them passed Columbia's most highly verbal freshman courses, English A and Contemporary Civilization A, and that 16 of them ranked in the top half of the freshman class. Mediocre verbal scores, Coleman concludes, "do not accurately measure the well-motivated student's ability to survive, and in some cases to prosper, in a rigorous academic program."

Flunked: Political Science

By most of the yardsticks used to measure the performance of college presidents, Quigg Newton has done an admirable job during his six years at the University of Colorado. Faculty salaries have risen 70% during that span, expenditure per student 90%, graduate enrollment 100%, library spending 160%. But when confronted with a campus crisis involving strong political feelings, President Newton, former Democratic mayor of Denver, flunked political science.

Last winter campus conservatives invited Arizona's Republican Senator Barry Goldwater to speak at the university; campus liberals got indignant, and a rancorous row blew up. Echoes from that battle were still lingering this fall when a wild and woolly student called Goldwater a "murderer" in an article in the campus newspaper. Admirers of Goldwater protested, and so did a lot of other citizens.

Showing what seemed to many to be a confusion between freedom to speak and license to libel, Newton failed to act decisively. By the time he got around to removing the student editor for irresponsibility, it was too late to erase an impression that the president did not think the attack on Goldwater was anything to make a fuss about. On Election Day came the reckoning: riled-up voters elected two outspoken Newton-must-go Republicans to the university's board of regents. Last week, with the election results ringing in his ears, Newton announced his resignation, effective next June.

In these days of foundations, there is a place for almost any prominent exile from the groves of Academe. Newton's haven: the presidency of Manhattan's Commonwealth Fund, a charitable foundation with assets of \$120 million.

“We Russians have much more in common with you Americans than we do with the Chinese”

The speaker was an economic planning expert from Omsk, flying home after a four-week visit to Outer Mongolia. He and LIFE Photographer Howard Sochurek were discussing the country they had just left.

Sochurek is one of the few Westerners ever admitted to Mongolia. This week's LIFE carries his exclusive report (including 5 pages in full color) on this isolated arena in which the two great Communist powers have confronted each other boldly and directly.

It is a remarkable story of a strange land where yaks graze and dinosaur eggs lie hidden; where a friendly people play Tchaikovsky on the banjo and milk horses. And where, despite Chinese inroads, Russia still holds the purse strings on Mongolia's surge into the 20th century.

LIFE

...In Mongolia, Communist collision; in Cuba, Russian retreat; in India, Chinese advance—each week, LIFE focuses on the changing tides of world struggle and their influence on our future. Reporting like this has a magnetic attraction for the people who care. People you like to talk to read LIFE.

SCIENCE

ASTRONOMY

View from the Second Window

Three centuries have passed since Galileo peered through his primitive telescope and first saw the moons of Jupiter and the golden crescent of Venus. Telescopes have been vastly improved since then, but men still study the stars through the same window opening on the universe. Their best lenses and most perfect mirrors work with visible light, and what cannot be brought into focus seemed forever beyond man's reach.

Suddenly the view has changed. The burgeoning science of radio astronomy has created a second window in the sky. And astronomers anxious to examine the far reaches of the celestial landscape are busily constructing the strange tools of their new trade. Odd shapes bulge above the horizon from Russia to Australia and all across the U.S. Great dishes of steel lace-work sweep slowly across the sky; giant troughs rock like cradles; forests of poles and miles of wire stretch out in geometrical patterns. To avoid electrical interference, most of the radio telescopes hide away in mountain-ringed valleys, far from towns or well-traveled highways. But they are never far from the minds and hopes of scientists. Radio astronomy is barely 30 years old, and new discoveries are being recorded almost every day.

Han Founder. The radio window was accidentally opened for the first time in 1932 by Karl Jansky, a Bell Telephone physicist who was studying the crackling static that can be so annoying in radio communications. During quiet periods, when no lightning flashes were disturbing the atmosphere, a faint hiss still sounded in his receiving apparatus. It seemed to rise and fall in strength as the earth turned. Jansky studied the hiss more carefully and found that its maximum strength came four minutes earlier each day. The time interval seemed significant.



JET GALAXY

In numberless unexpected ways.

Jansky knew that because of the earth's motion while it orbits the sun, the sidereal day, which measures the earth's rotation with respect to the stars, is four minutes shorter than the 24-hour solar day. He concluded that the hiss in his earphones was caused by radio waves from beyond the sun.

Jansky's work was well-publicized, but it was done during the great Depression, when little cash was available to encourage scientific enterprise. Only a single radio ham, Grote Reber of Wheaton, Ill., followed Jansky's lead. Working alone, Reber built a dish antenna 31 ft. in diameter in his own backyard. With it he made the extraordinary discovery that the sky is full of radio stars that have nothing to do with ordinary stars. Reber had opened wide the radio window on the sky. His crude radio telescope, the world's first, now stands at the entrance of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, W. Va.

Bulges & Squiggles. Soon after World War II, radio astronomy really got into high gear. Scientists in many lands, especially Britain and Australia, built improved radio telescopes to take advantage of the second window. Their task was not easy. Radio astronomy depends on electromagnetic waves, which are much harder to handle than the visible light that the human eye receives with such marvelous ease and precision. Radio waves are many thousand times longer than light waves, and because of inflexible laws of physics, this means that radio telescopes must be enormously wider than optical telescopes before they can distinguish objects equally small.

Instead of taking quick pictures of large parts of the sky, radio telescopes must scan slowly, gathering details one by one. As a radio telescope's beam (its field of sensitivity) moves across the sky, the radio waves collected by the dish are focused on an antenna

and detected as an extremely feeble electrical current. This current is amplified by intricate electronic apparatus until it is strong enough to move a finely balanced pen and draw a wiggly line on a strip of paper. Small wiggles mean little or nothing, but a good-sized bulge means that some object deep in space is sending radio waves down the telescope's beam.

Dishes & Holes. Parabolic dishes make by far the most versatile radio telescopes; they can be used to tune in on several wave lengths at the same time. The most famous dish, the 250-foot monster at Jodrell Bank, near Manchester, England, started work in 1957 and is still going strong. Probably the most effective dish is the 210-footer at Parkes, Australia. The biggest dish, 300 ft. in diameter, is at Green Bank, W. Va.

Big steerable dishes that can be turned to point all over the sky are extremely expensive. For large area and proportionately high sensitivity at reasonable cost, radio astronomers dig cylindrical or hemispherical holes in the ground and line them with radio-reflecting metal. These immovable reflectors cannot be steered except by electronic trickery, but their sheer size gives them enormous power. The cylindrical telescope at the University of Illinois has $\frac{1}{3}$ times the area of the Green Bank dish.

One important type of radio telescope does not try to observe celestial objects with a single antenna. Instead, two antennas are placed a considerable distance apart and connected electronically so that they function like parts of a single, very large dish. Since a telescope's resolution is proportionate to its width, the double antenna has a far narrower beam than a single dish. Even finer resolution is obtained by long, rocking metal troughs that gather radio waves and focus them so that they interact with waves gathered by another antenna running at right angles to the first. In Australia, and at Cambridge University, England, such intricate apparatus record information on punched tape and feed it into electronic computers for analysis. They have an effective beam so slender that it can distinguish objects many billion light-years distant in space. The most complex setups of all use two dishes scores of miles apart, feeding their information by microwave beams to a common center.

Living Universe. A list of the radio sights visible through these varied telescopes would fill an enormous book, but radio astronomy is developing so fast that no such book is likely to be written for years. Still, the radio window has already brought the universe to life in numberless unexpected ways. Even the moon, just about the deadliest object in the solar system, sends out radio waves that tell something about its temperature and about the material on its surface.

The planets have come to life too. Venus sends waves which hint that the temperature under its clouds is much too high for earth-type life. Jupiter pulsates with many kinds of radio waves. One kind comes from an easily observable shell



FIRST RADIO TELESCOPE
By an amateur in a backyard.



RADIO TELESCOPE at Jodrell Bank, England, scans heavens to listen to radio waves that planets and stars emit naturally. The 750-ton dish focuses

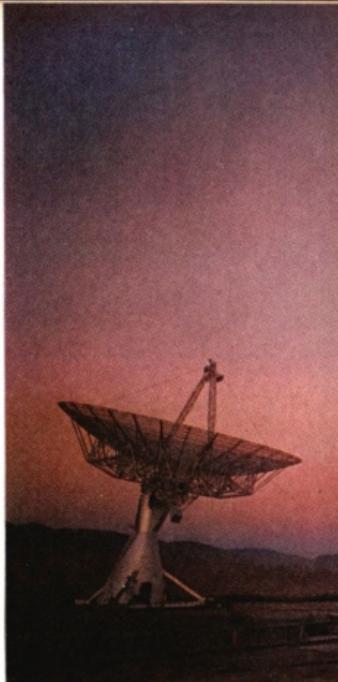
incoming signals on central antenna. By measuring strength and frequency, scientists can pinpoint invisible stars, measure magnetic field of Milky Way.



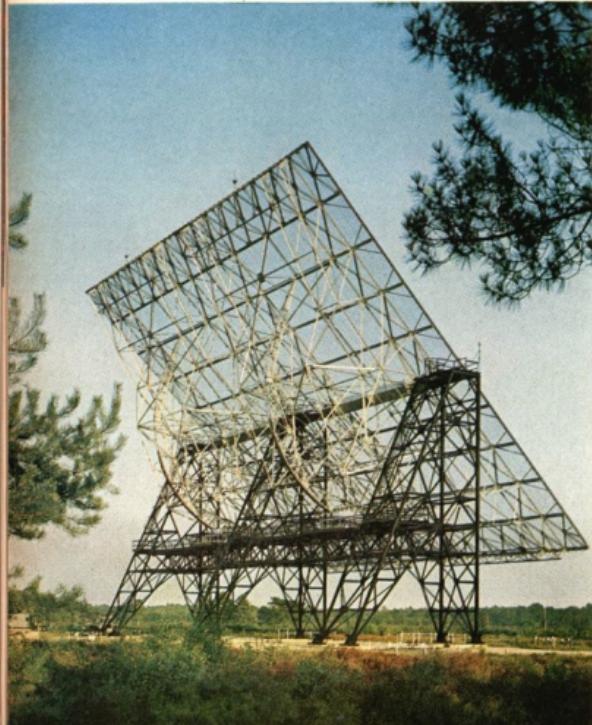
JOHN D. BURGESS

FULLY STEERABLE 85-ft. dish at Hat Creek, Calif., is shielded from extraneous noise by high mountains and a volcano. Put in operation earlier this year, it is being used to study hydrogen in the Milky Way.

ROBERT MOTTAR



J. R. EYERMAN



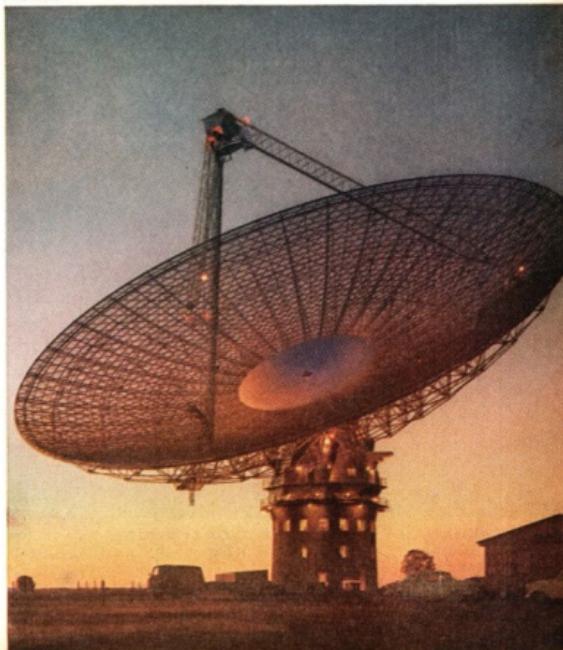
MATTRESS-SHAPED antenna is being built at Nançay, France. By end of 1964 it will be four times as large, have range of 10 billion light-years.



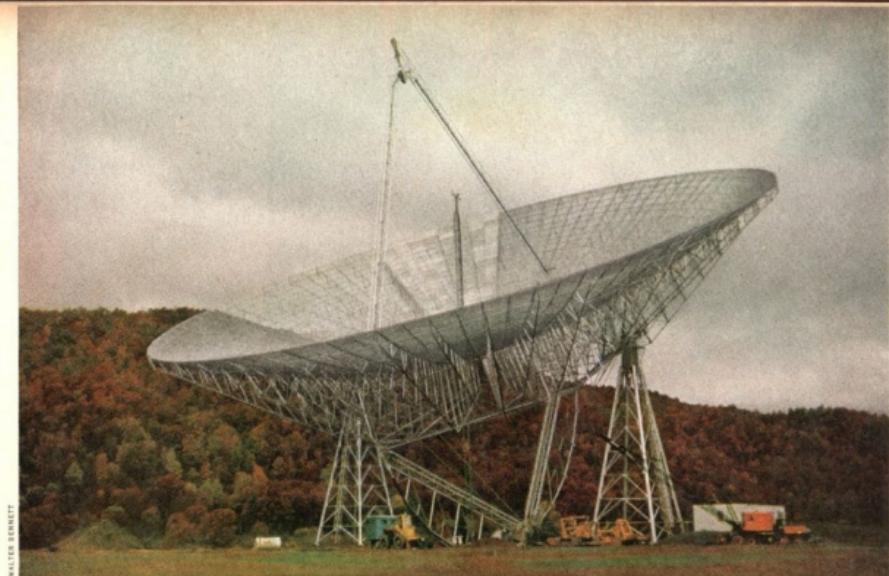
RIGGED IN TANDEM, dishes at Caltech's Owens Valley Station can seek out source of incoming radio waves so that scientists are able to get more precise fix on far-off stars.



TREE FARM of 40-ft. booms at Stanford receives radar impulses bounced off moon by transmitter. The dish (right) is for higher frequencies.

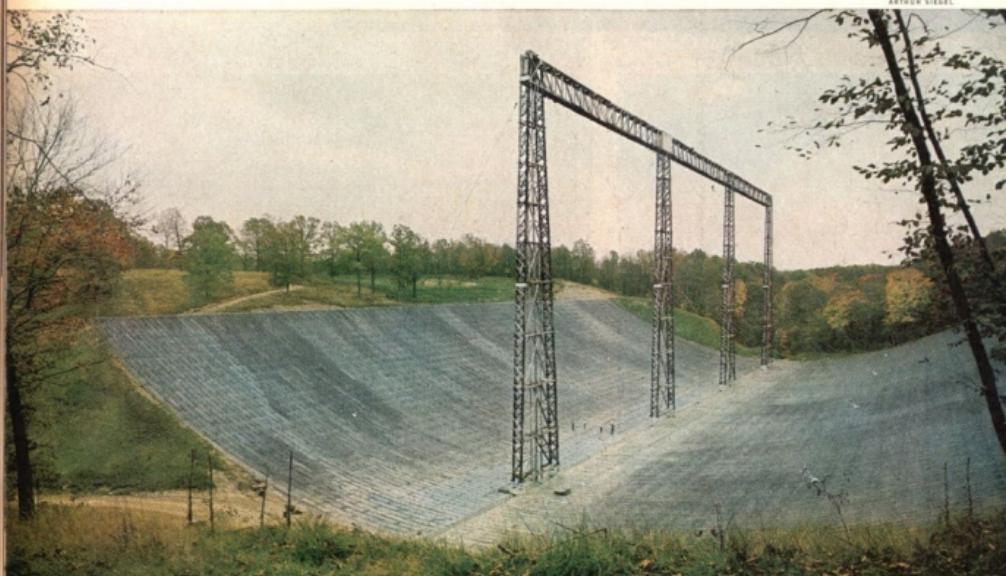


LARGEST SCANNER in Southern Hemisphere is 210-ft. dish at Parkes, New South Wales, Australians are using it to map Earth's own galaxy.



WORLD'S LARGEST movable telescope, standing 23 stories high, began to scan skies at National Radio Astronomy Observatory, Green Bank, W. Va., this fall. First task for \$850,000

telescope will be to decipher radio waves from Van Allen-like belt that surrounds Jupiter. Later, scientists will focus it on the radiation belts that surround planets Uranus and Neptune.



NEWEST SKY SCANNER, size of five football fields, is University of Illinois' giant, 600-ft. trough, which can detect unusually weak signals from vast distances. Scientists will use

it first to study Cygnus X, a complex region near Milky Way; then they will embark on a project that should take decades to complete: a mapping of radio emissions in the universe.

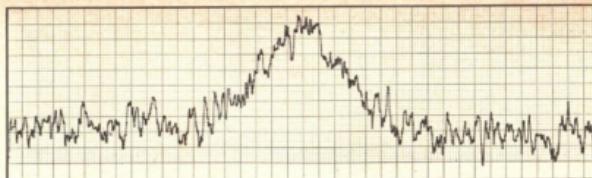
around the planet, is apparently generated by a powerful radiation belt similar to the Van Allen radiation belt that surrounds the earth. Other Jovian radio waves seem to be generated by gigantic thunderstorms.

But the planets are not the main concern of radio astronomers, who tend to think of them merely as distant parade grounds for space cadets. Even the sun, which sends out rich chords of radio waves, is not a chief attraction. The astronomers' keenest interest is focused on much more distant space, from which the waves bring news of strange occurrences. The third strongest single source in the sky is a famous astronomical object, the Crab Nebula, the turbulent, gaseous wreck of a star that turned into a supernova and blew itself to shreds on July 11, 1054 A.D.—an event that was duly recorded by Chinese astronomers. After 908 years, the Crab's gases are still churning violently, and as the electrons that they contain move through magnetic fields, they still send out a vast amount of radio energy.

Radio Galaxy. The strongest "radio star" in the sky had the astronomers baffled for many years. Its powerful waves came from a patch of sky in the constellation Cygnus, and optical astronomers could find nothing there. At last the Palomar telescope, guided by a new and extremely accurate radio fix, photographed an extraordinary scene that looked like a collision of two enormous galaxies 500 million light-years away. Galaxy collisions are possible, though unlikely, and they might emit radio waves because of churning gases between their hundreds of billions of stars.

But most radio astronomers no longer think that such a collision can properly explain the stupendous radio energy that streams out of Cygnus A. For one thing, the energy does not come from the central part that is optically visible. Strangely, it comes from two spots on opposite sides of the center. The sky is full of these double radio sources. One theory holds that they are galaxies that have exploded. Electrons released in the explosions may have been steered by magnetism and finally gathered at spots far away from the central wreckage. A vast catastrophe of this sort might well be a normal stage in the long life of a galaxy. Perhaps man's own Milky Way galaxy will end in this manner, its stars popping like firecrackers and its death cry sounding in radio waves across the universe.

Radio astronomers are willing to advance such gaudy theories, but only as conjecture. They cannot be sure about anything; the sky is too full of mysteries that they cannot begin to explain. A strong radio source that has been labeled M87 now proves to be a galaxy that can be photographed in visible light. It has a strange jet of glowing material that extends from one side and reaches many thousand light-years beyond its normal circumference. Does this jet have something to do with the galaxy's radio waves? It probably does, say the radio astronomers, but they do not know why.



VENUS PASSING THROUGH BEAM OF EWEN KNIGHT RADIO TELESCOPE
Bulges mean more than wiggles.

Another exciting mystery results from the recent discovery that magnetic fields are common in space, perhaps even in the empty reaches between the galaxies. Radio waves reveal the fields and measure their strength, but no one knows the origin of this mysterious force. Apparently it is an important feature of the universe, and may affect its behavior in many different ways.

Loud Stars. Most true stars in the Milky Way galaxy maintain fair radio silence, but a few of them transmit powerful radio waves that have the astronomers baffled. About half a dozen radio stars have been identified optically, and they prove to emit peculiar assortments of visible light. Astrophysicists are busily studying these spectra, hoping to find some connection between them and the stars' radio loudness.

Radio astronomers are particularly intrigued by the special waves given off by cold hydrogen floating between the stars. These waves are a little longer than 21 cm. long when they leave the hydrogen cloud where they are generated. If they are slightly shorter than that when they are measured by an earthly radio telescope, this means that the hydrogen cloud must be moving rapidly toward the earth. If the waves are longer, the cloud is moving away. So the 21-cm. waves provide a handy tool for measuring the speed of the

hydrogen clouds that form an important part of the Milky Way galaxy. Some of the clouds are moving close to the galactic nucleus, which looks in optical telescopes like a close-packed, featureless mass of glowing stars. But the 21-cm. waves reach deep into this stellar fog. They report that vast streams of hydrogen are flowing out of the nucleus, and none are streaming back. Where does the hydrogen come from? One theory holds that it collects from the thin halo that surrounds the galaxy. Another suggests that it is transformed out of some unobserved and heretofore unimagined state of matter.

Life in the Universe. The bold radio astronomers are ready to tackle anything, even the ancient problem of alien life in the universe. Most astronomers agree that the Milky Way galaxy has millions of stars with planets capable of supporting earth-style life. Few if any of them believe that human space voyagers can ever cover the enormous distances that separate the stars. But radio waves cover that range already, and perhaps some not-too-distant stellar system, which includes a planet that has developed a high civilization, is even now sending radio messages in the hope that someone will hear them. Radio astronomers at Green Bank have done a little listening for such messages. They have heard nothing meaningful, but they hope to try again.

Few mysteries seem beyond the soaring ambition of radio astronomers. In the past, most cosmographical theories were concocted by mathematicians sitting in quiet rooms and struggling with streams of abstractions. They were safe from experimental check because optical telescopes could not see far enough into the depths of the universe. But radio telescopes are keener-sighted. They have located radio-galaxies that seem to be 7 billion light-years away. And their eyesight is bound to improve.

Since radio waves travel at the same speed as light, when radio telescopes peer deep into space, they also look into the far-distant past. Galaxies 7 billion light-years away are studied on earth just as they were 7 billion years ago, before the earth was born. Little is known thus far about these ancient galaxies that have been fossilized by time and distance. Perhaps when more is known, man will get some idea of what the young universe was like and when it was born. Or, perhaps, when the radio astronomers have improved their skill, they will prove that the universe is eternal—that it was never young, and will never grow old.



SOVIET RADIO TELESCOPE
The past is as mysterious as the future.

RELIGION

A Holy Boldness

For many Roman Catholic clerics at the Second Vatican Council, the most vital arena was not St. Peter's Basilica, where the prelates gathered for discussion, but a room on the third floor of Rome's college for German seminarians. Scores of cardinals and bishops from Germany, France, Africa and Latin America made pilgrimages there for theological advice. Theologians visited to discuss the issues and events of the council with the sad-eyed, soft-spoken man who occupied the room. He was Karl Rahner, 58, whom many eminent Roman Catholic thinkers regard as the most profound and most exciting theologian their church has produced in the 20th century.

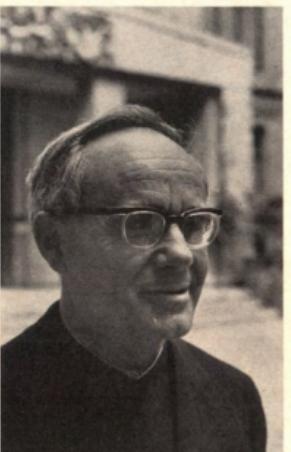
As the council ended its first session last week—it is scheduled to reconvene in Rome next September—Rahner's admirers could claim that he had exerted more real influence on the council than any other theologian. Professor of dogmatic theology at Innsbruck University, Jesuit Rahner is personal theologian to both Franziskus Cardinal König of Vienna and Julius Cardinal Döpfner of Munich. Despite opposition to Rahner by many Italian churchmen, Pope John named him to the select group of *pereiti*, the official council theologians. In Rome's Catholic bookstores, his writings are best-sellers. "We can't keep this man's stuff in stock," a bookseller said happily. During the council's debates, many "progressive" bishops from northern Europe cribbed abundantly from his writings. Rahner personally wrote a draft resolution on the relationship of Scripture and tradition that last month was put before the council as an alternative to one proposed by Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, the powerful and conservative chief of the Vatican's Congregation of the Holy Office.

A New Language. Churchmen who know Rahner's work have strong opinions about him. U.S. Jesuit Theologian Gustave Weigel calls him "the world's greatest theologian." Many conservative churchmen, on the other hand, view Rahner's work with suspicion and hostility. Three weeks ago, Monsignor Francesco Spadafora of Rome's Lateran University told a gathering of Mexican bishops that Rahner was a "formal heretic." Cardinal Ottaviani, too, suspects Rahner, has tried three times to get Rahner's work formally condemned, and last month vainly asked Pope John to send Rahner back to Innsbruck.

Much of the conservative suspicion of Rahner stems from his Socratic approach—he keeps relentlessly asking questions, dangerous, thought-prodding questions. Rahner believes that each generation must rethink the problems of theology for itself. He never rejects outright the dogmatic definitions of past councils or Popes, but he is constantly asking what the words of those definitions really

mean. "The theologian of today," he says, "must be in search of a new language. We've got a lot of things to rethink. A holy boldness is needed."

Rahner's boldness has led him to reconsider church teaching on everything from ethics to eschatology, from the meaning of the parish to the nature of political power. "Rahner," says Cardinal König, "sees new aspects behind every traditional teaching." In his study of the relationship of the hierarchy to the Pope, for example, Rahner argues that the highest authority in Catholicism is not the Pope but the Pope in union with his bishops. When the Pope decides a matter



DAVID LEES

THEOLOGIAN RAHNER

Dangerous, thought-prodding questions, for the entire church, says Rahner, he does so not by virtue of his own office alone, but as head of the bishops, who collectively are the descendants of the Apostles. Rahner reaches even farther, arguing that the entire hierarchy in its collective wisdom does not hold all the keys to the temples of truth. There is, he says, a "charismatic" element in the church, independent of the tables of organization. Just as God in the Old Testament spoke through prophets who were not priests, so he may in this century speak through prophetic laymen.

A Jolting Challenge. For many Catholics, morality is essentially a matter of sticking to the rules laid down by the church. But Rahner, notes an admiring fellow theologian, "sees the moral life not merely in terms of acts but rather of basic commitments." The world, in Rahner's vision, is full of "anonymous Christians"—men who may formally disbelieve in Christ or the church, but who

nonetheless have made a personal and total surrender to the truth of an "unknown God." For Rahner, these truth-wedded men are, in a sense, Christians also—perhaps better Christians than those reared as Catholics who carry on their spiritual life by rote.

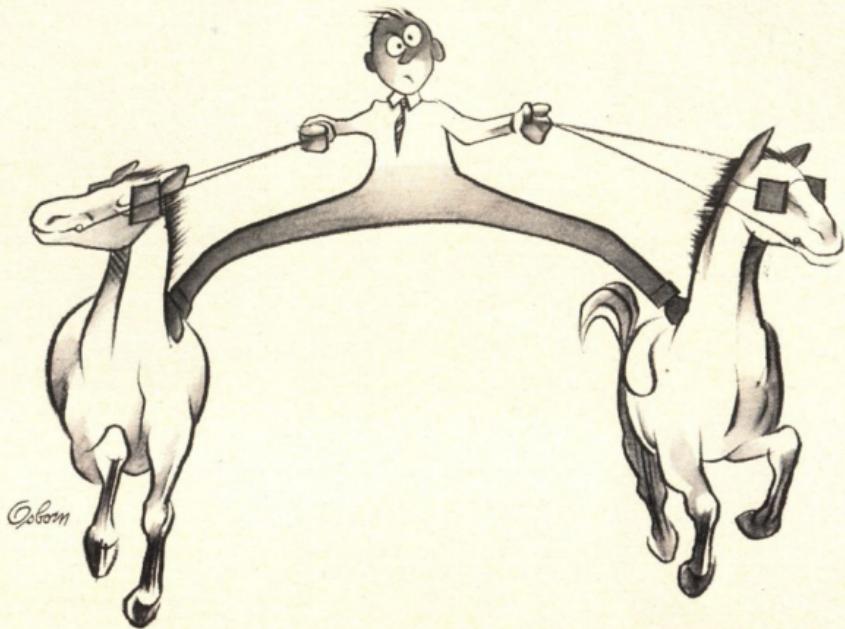
Such ideas and attitudes give Rahner's works a powerful ecumenical appeal. "Rahner thinks in a way that transcends confessional differences," says Yale's Lutheran Theologian George Lindbeck, an observer at the council. "Most of the time when I read Rahner I'm not conscious that I'm reading a Roman Catholic." As his enemies see Rahner, there are times when he does not even read like a Christian, for he asks paradoxical questions about even the basic assumptions of the faith. "Is God dead?" he sometimes asks his students, in a jolting challenge to their conventional idea of God. "It could well be that the God you believe in and take comfort in is dead."

A Path Found. As a child in Freiburg im Breisgau, in southern Germany, Rahner often jolted his devoutly Catholic parents. He was a mischievous boy, seemingly devoid of promise, got such disgraceful marks that his father, a scholarly Latin teacher, once threatened to take him out of school. But he suddenly reformed, climbed to the top of his class. In 1922, he joined his elder brother Hugo as a member of the Society of Jesus. "Hugo's entering I can understand," said his father, "but Karl?"

Once he found his path, Rahner displayed a staggering diligence. Day after day, he gets up at 3:30 a.m. and goes to bed around 11 p.m., and most of the time in between he works. He can get away with expressing unconventional views because he knows orthodox thought in all its historical ramifications as well as the most formidable of his conservative opponents. He was editor of the *Euchariad Sym-bolorum*, the standard compendium of documents expressing the true teachings of Catholicism. He is currently co-editing a massive encyclopedia of theology that will be completed in 1965 or thereabouts.

Despite his eminence among theologians, Rahner remains virtually unknown among laymen. He has never written a book summing up his theology—his insights are scattered among 700 books, articles and essays, and they are hard reading. As a young man he studied under German Existentialist Martin Heidegger, and the influence of that baffling philosopher is apparent in both Rahner's thinking and his labyrinthine style. "When I am an old man and have the time," jokes his brother Hugo (himself a noted theologian), "I want to translate Karl's writings into German."

A Faraway Faith. Rahner is sometimes called an existentialist, and he has indeed found inspiration and challenge in existential thinkers. He burns with a passionate conviction that the church has failed to grapple effectively with the existential problems of the 20th century. "For modern man the faith is too far away," he



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(AND LIVE TO REGRET IT)

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People with plans prefer a Full Service commercial bank

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To sum up: If your future financial plans call for credit—to buy a house or car, or take a trip, or whatever—you'll be dollars ahead if you start doing business with a Full Service commercial bank *right now*. You'll never regret it.



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says, "The theological problem today is to find the art of drawing religion out of a man, not pumping it into him. The Redemption has happened. The Holy Ghost is in men. The art is to help men become what they really are."

Ironically, Rahner at the moment is in no position to assist in this theological task. Last July, despite strenuous objections from his friends in the Austrian and German hierarchies, the Holy Office ordered him to submit all future writings for clearance by his Jesuit superiors in Rome. Since then, Rahner has written no new theological work; friends say that he will not speak out again until the ban is lifted.

Religion on Records

"It was a market just waiting to be tapped," says Texan Jarrell McCracken. He can say that with a contented smile: at 35, he is president and chief stockholder of Word Records, Inc., the nation's largest producer of religious records.

McCracken first tapped the market twelve years ago, more or less by accident. A divinity student and radio sports announcer, he recorded a platter entitled *The Game of Life*—a hectic play-by-play account of a football game, with Jesus coaching the Christian team and Satan sending in plays to the Forces of Evil. Originally meant only for use by a Texas church group, *Game* proved to be such a galloping commercial success that McCracken decided to go into the business for good.

During his firm's early days, McCracken realized that religious music could not compete with pop tunes in record stores, set up a Family Record Club that now accounts for half his business. Members can buy a religious record every month for \$3.98 (or \$4.98 for stereo); if they buy two, they get a third free. Another McCracken plan is the Audio Record Program: 600 salesmen across the country peddle a five-album, 34-record collection that offers, according to McCracken, "everything a family needs for proper inspiration, worship and education"—all for \$189.95. "When they see how we can answer their religious needs, price is no object," McCracken says. Net sales of Word and its companion distributing company last year came to \$2,000,000.

Word Records has progressed far beyond *The Game of Life*, although it is still included in the Audio Record Program. Among Word's releases: Ethel Waters singing religious songs for children, the choir of New York's St. John the Divine Cathedral singing Episcopal Church music. Next month Word will offer a seven-LP, six-hour set of Theologian Karl Barth lecturing on evangelical theology. McCracken's current bestseller: the world-traveling Orphans' Choir from Korea. He recently started another record club, which will feature long-play sermons by Christian leaders such as Baptist Billy Graham, Los Angeles Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy, and Dr. Ralph Sockman, pastor emeritus of Manhattan's Methodist Christ Church.

Headquartered in Waco, McCracken's



WINDY DRUM
BUSINESSMAN McCRAKEN
Doing good while doing well.

company is housed in a modern, \$150,000 building, has an electronic computer for subscription lists; he owns a Beechcraft Bonanza, which he pilots himself to sales meetings. Son of a Baptist preacher, McCracken still finds time to do some lay preaching. "There is more than just a commercial reason for being in any business," he says. "I'm just lucky that I'm able to accomplish so much good in mine."

A Jew No More

A Roman Catholic cannot be a Jew, the Israeli Supreme Court ruled last week. Before the court was the case of Father Daniel, a Polish-born Jew who was converted to Catholicism and became a Carmelite friar (*TIME*, Dec. 7). He had claimed Israeli citizenship under provisions of the country's Law of Return, which declares: "Every Jew shall be entitled to come to Israel as an immigrant." Speaking for the court, Judge Moshe Silberg expressed deep sympathy for Father Daniel's desire to "identify himself with the people he loves," and suggested that the priest might still be considered a Jew as the term is understood in rabbinical courts. But the Law of Return, he added, is secular legislation, and must be interpreted according to secular principles: "The question is what is the ordinary Jewish meaning of the term Jew, and does it include an apostate."

Said the judge: "From the extreme Orthodox to complete freethinkers, there is one thing common to all people who dwell in Zion: we do not sever ourselves from the historic past and we do not deny the heritage of our forefathers." There are some "differences of nuance and approach" among Jewish thinkers, but "the lowest common denominator is that no one can regard an apostate as belonging to the Jewish people."

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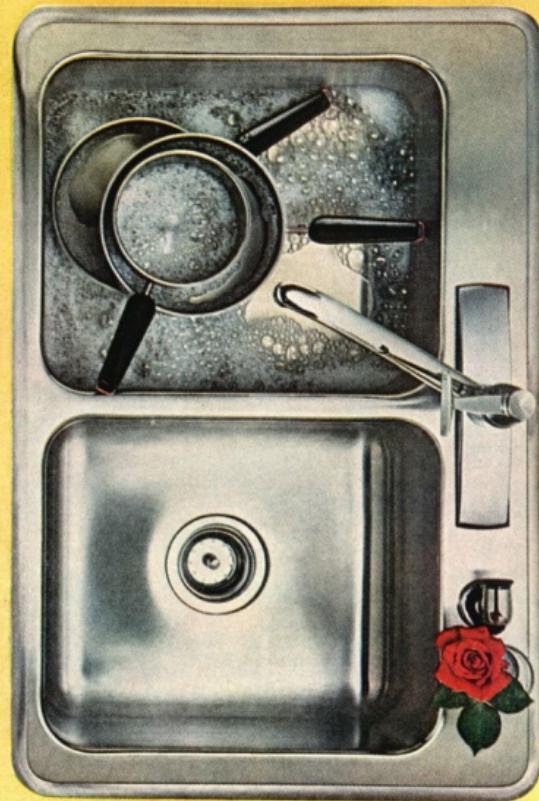
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MODERN LIVING

FASHION

Cool for a Hot Climate

Overweight in luggage but light of heart, one out of every six American adults will be off this winter for what the brochures have promised will be "a heavenly holiday in the sun." If the adult is a woman, vacation preparation will have involved more than permission from the boss and the credit manager at the bank. Long and tedious hours in big city department stores and teeny suburban specialty shops will have gone into assembling the proper holiday wardrobe. And once on the decks of the gleaming cruise ship, out beneath the swaying palms or on the beach under the languishing tropical sun, her clothes will almost surely prove this season's lady traveler the wildest dresser since Eve.

For one thing, resort fashions, though basically no different in purpose or function from regular old summer clothes, have always brought out the exotic impulse in even the most conservative housewife. Raspberry silk, in the dank gloom of December, is somehow a good deal more raspberry and more silky than when seen in the golden context of a June day. But

her the horror of actually going through with it.

From Bermuda to Barbados and back again to Boca Raton, ladies will wrap pullovers about them to hide the suit that never got wet or to match the short shorts (Bermudas are now for bicycling only) that came with the outfit. They may still have one in jersey left over from last summer but, more likely they will follow the trend to offbeat fabrics ranging all



STRETCH SATIN PULLOVER & SHORTS
The wildest dressers since Eve.

the way from suede to satin. An occasional girl will turn up in a plain old vanilla terry-cloth jacket or playsuit, but most of her fellow travelers will sport the same fabric colored purple, cerise or tangerine. The beach-bound set will wander the islands in shirts that follow the Pucci dictum (find two colors that cannot go along quietly, put them together, and toss in five or six more for accents) and accompanying slacks that are cut as slim as decency permits.

Little Find. For dresses, the traveling lady will go down to the sea in shifts. The southbound version is a little more body-conscious (nipped in just a bit at waist and bosom) than the straight-hanging classic, comes in all lengths—cut short, often above the knees (for the walk from hotel to beach), street-length, well above the street (for the last sunset stroll along the water), or clear to the ground (for the after-dinner dance on ocean liner or hotel veranda).

This year's lady tourist, sure to stun the natives, will just as surely bring back with her the lovely smock, hand-painted in the juice from the biddledee nuts that fell from the trees that shaded her patio. It will be a find found in the little store tucked away at the end of the crooked



BOB BARCLAY FOR HERALD TRIBUNE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

SATIN BAREBACK SUIT

even with the inherent glamour that comes with trekking out in storm boots to buy clothes fit for sea and shore, this year's selection has an added bit of zing of its own.

The Shiny Look. Zingiest of all are the bathing suits. Exhausted by peeling away at the bikini, and prevented by the limits of good taste and state laws from going any farther, sportswear designers have reinstated the one-piece suit. But with a difference. This year it is "the shiny wet look." Fashioned of black materials that are plastic-smooth and neon-bright—vinyl patent, stretch satin, and glistening nylon—the suits look dripping wet before the wearer touches toe to sea, thereby saving



HELEN O'HAGAN

PUCCI EVENING DRESS



B. ALTWAN

DE ROMA PLAYCLOTHES

street. What seems perfection itself in the land of bongo and mango has a disappointing and predictable way of becoming not quite so spectacular once past customs.

CUSTOMS Let There Be Light

It has been a long time since the average American rose with the dawn and went to bed with the sun. It has even been quite a while since the average office opened at 8 a.m. Yet standard time, which is premised on such habits, has lingered on. Early-morning light is now a commodity traditionally considered precious only to farmers whose animals cry out for attention at dawn. The present-day American, becoming more urban every year, much prefers his extra hour of light to come at the other, after-work end of the day. So, at least, claimed New York State Senator Edward J. Speno last week

in his introduction of a bill by which New York would operate on daylight saving time the full year round.

Not even New York's farmers, says Speno, would object any more to having an extra daylight hour of leisure time in the afternoon. After an informal survey across the state, Speno found that "farms are pretty well automated by now, and the cows and chickens can take care of themselves." Among other potential advantages he cites: children returning home from school would no longer have to trek in the dark, and, most important, adults making the trip home after work would be saved the hazards of twilight driving. Throughout the state, as well as in Manhattan, more traffic accidents occur in the late afternoon and early evening commuting hours than at any other time of the day, and every year the total increases with the switch to standard time.

Other areas of the country where farmers are a greater percentage of the population are still loyal to standard time. But Speno becomes almost rhapsodic when he thinks about daylight saving time: "Light seems to lengthen our days and our lives because time is really an experience of the mind. The light will end for each of us, and maybe for all of us suddenly. It is certainly within our power now to rescue an hour of light every day for six more months of the year."

FOOD & DRINK

What Ever Happened to the Martini?

Lots of people like Scotch whisky and drink it, but some hate it and go on drinking it anyway. Why? Because it's In—as anyone knows who has recently tried to stage a cocktail party with only martinis.

U.S. importation of Scotch whisky has increased about ninefold in the past 27 years. In 1961 U.S. drinkers bought 20,366,103 gal., 5.6% more than the year before and double the figure for a decade ago. Consumption in 1962 is running higher still, making Scotch Britain's second biggest export to the U.S., after non-electric machinery.

Even more dramatic is the sudden emergence of Scotch as the status tipple in Europe. West Germany imported 504,131 gal. of Scotch in 1959; last year the total was up to 808,919 gal., and the estimates for 1962 run to 1,000,000. "It's the thing to drink if you want to belong to the *Oberen Zehntausend* [upper ten thousand]," explained a Bonn bartender. Smart Italians ask for their "oocesky" *Biscio* (straight) or *con ghiaccio* (on the rocks), and hosts pour their guests hefty slugs in large glasses, which are then nursed for the rest of the evening.

Scotch consumption in France was held down by minuscule import quotas until 1960. But in 1961 the French imported \$41,459 gal., and by the end of this year will have drunk considerably more. Cognac, however, is not on the rocks: during the same period its worldwide sales jumped from about 9 million to some 13 million bottles.



POMONA'S MALL
The patient showed spirit.

But Scotch is the chic drink. Françoise Sagan's heroes and heroines would not be caught dead or in bed drinking cognac. When they ask for their Scotch by brand, most Frenchmen specify Ballantine, Egg & Egg or Black *et* Huit. But mostly it's just "Donnez-moi un baby"—half a shot of Scotch.

THE CITY

Before the Mall Palls

Many a modern city is suffering from an epidemic known as the Downtown Disease, or Business Center Blight. There are three courses of treatment: 1) rerouting through traffic away from the business district; 2) cutting off vehicular traffic altogether; 3) Copenhagen did last month on its principal shopping street, the 3-mile-long Stroget; 3) performing major surgery known as "making a mall."

One of the most recent such operations was performed in Pomona, Calif., 28 miles east of Los Angeles, a fast-growing agricultural center of about 75,000 with a number of missile and aircraft equipment factories and four colleges. Though the patient is still not completely out of its bandages, the surgery seems to have been a brilliant success.

Bringing on the Bulldozers. A year ago, downtown Pomona seemed to be a terminal case. The main drag, Second Street, was a sorry sight; a third of its buildings were vacant, shops that once were elegant had become clustered holes-in-the-wall—paint peeling, screens rusted to holes. Businessmen and merchants who had not yet moved away were wondering if there was any future at all in the downtown area, and landlords were making things worse by forgoing repairs.

Since 1946 there had been talk about doing something about Second Street, but nothing came of it. A major obstacle was the possibility that if the mall did not work out, the businesses there could sue the city for sealing off the street to vehicular traffic.

In 1960 a committee of property owners talked the state legislature into pass-

ing a bill that gave merchants a chance to file in advance for the damages they thought they might suffer if the street were closed. And while this was going through the legislature, the committee was hard at work selling the mall idea to the Second Street business community. The result was that nobody filed a claim, and early this year the bulldozers went to work.

While the Spirit Lasts. Today, Second Street is a curbside vista of black concrete and pebbled surfaces, studded with trees and dotted with fountains. At its eastern end is a new \$4,000,000 department store, and midway on its length a 75-story office building is under construction. Behind the stores the city had already built large parking spaces, considered by mall men to be a key factor in the success of pedestrians-only areas. In effect, downtown has been converted to an oversized shopping center. Pomona is also considering amplifying its parking facilities by building a monorail between the mall and the fair grounds, two miles away, which are used only 17 days of the year.

Downtown Pomona's physical face lifting has led to a new *élan* among storekeepers and their customers. Shops have been refurbished, stocks have been replenished, new businesses have moved in. "There's an air of excitement and pride," says one Pomona. "I was downtown last Sunday, and there must have been 500 people just walking up and down the street looking in the store windows. I can't remember how long it's been since people came downtown on Sunday." Exclaimed a merchant: "Why, I came out of my store at midnight the other night and would you believe it, there were still people walking around the mall."

Mayor James S. Baker, 45, is well aware that Pomona's new civic excitement will taper off, no matter how successful the project is. Addressing one of the many delegations from other cities that have visited Pomona to study the pros and cons of malls, he warned: "We realize that this spirit can't last forever, but we are trying to get as much done as we can while the spirit lasts."



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MEDICINE

Chromosomes & the Mind

Of the nine children born to Joseph and Rose Kennedy, one is President of the U.S., but Daughter Rosemary, 44, has spent half of her life in a special nursing home because she is mentally retarded. The Kennedys used to think that Rosemary's plight was something to hide, but Old Joe finally decided, "It's best to bring these things out in the open." He lavishly endowed the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation, which has spent \$17 million on care for the retarded and research into the causes of their handicap.

Last week, with most of the Kennedys looking on, the President handed out the foundation's first awards for outstanding achievement. The story of the awards was

Dr. Albert Levan grew human cells in laboratory flasks and devised a technique for using their lab-cultured cells to get a far clearer picture of the chromosomes inside them than had ever been available before. They counted and recounted the chromosomes. The total came to only 46—though for 30 years scientists had been certain that the human species had 48. Touched off by the revolutionary Tjio-Levan discovery, six hectic years of work on chromosomal abnormalities have already revealed clear links with some physical and mental disorders. Dr. Tjio got a personal award of \$8,333 but no cash for his research, because the U.S. Government is already financing it.

► Dr. Jérôme Jean Louis Marie Lejeune, 36, of Paris, went to work with Tjio's



PRESIDENT KENNEDY & MENTAL RETARDATION RESEARCHERS*
Bringing the problem out into the open, and doing much about it.

buried under a layer of headlines about Jack Kennedy's first public appearance with Adlai Stevenson since the furor over Stevenson's role in the Cuba crisis, but the caliber of the men who were honored and the depth of their work made important medical news. The winners, whose work began in the esoteric reaches of genetics:

► Dr. Ivar Asbjørn Følling, 74, now retired, received \$25,000. As head of biochemistry at Oslo's University Hospital, he was the first doctor to pay attention to a woman who reported that the urine of her two retarded children had a strangely pungent odor. Dr. Følling took the trouble to find out why: the children's urine contained phenylpyruvic acid. As a result of his work, it is now known that because of a genetic defect, such children lack an enzyme essential to the metabolism of phenylalanine, a constituent of most protein foods. Within a few weeks after birth, phenylpyruvic acid inflicts permanent damage on the brain. But now the defect can be promptly detected, and children started early on a special diet escape nearly all the brain damage.

► Dr. Joe Hin Tjio (pronounced Chee-o), 43, now at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., a citizen of The Netherlands and a native of Indonesia. While doing cancer research at the University of Lund in Sweden, Tjio and

techniques and soon found that victims of mongolism, who suffer varying degrees of mental retardation, have 47 chromosomes. Dr. Lejeune also reported recently that mongoloids have a metabolic abnormality that works in the opposite way from phenylketonuria. Partly because of the extra chromosome, their systems produce too much of an enzyme that breaks down tryptophan, an essential component of proteins involved in the functioning of the brain. Dr. Lejeune's award: \$8,333, plus \$15,000 for research.

► Dr. Murray Llewellyn Barr, 54, at the University of Western Ontario, was busily studying the cells in the hypoglossal (tongue-controlling nerve) of the female cat when he realized that a little dark spot in each nucleus was never found in the cells of males. Then he learned that this was true of all mammals, including man. Now, a tiny pinch of skin or mucous membrane, examined under the microscope, will show the true, or nuclear, sex. Only such a test will indicate whether a child with a sex-chromosome abnormality should be raised as a boy or a girl, and what surgery is indicated. With abnormal chromosomes, mental retardation is often present. Dr. Barr also

* From left: Drs. Barr, Kirk, John Fettinger of the National Association for Retarded Children, the President, Følling, Lejeune, Tjio.



Suddenly a postage meter makes a lot of sense for my office!

"Felt as if I'd mailed a million Christmas cards," grumbles Mr. Jones. (He knows darn well that his mailing list is only 124 names!) But getting out the annual season's greetings makes him realize that sticking stamps and sealing envelopes can be a monotonous, highly unhygienic job. And why both the girls in his office want a postage meter!

With a postage meter, you can forget about adhesive stamps—for keeps. No stamp sheets to separate. No sloppy stamp sticking. No running out of denominations. No rush trips to the postoffice. And no security problems with a stamp box or pre-stamped envelopes.

Because a postage meter prints postage as you need it, directly on the envelope, any amount for any kind of mail—or on special

tape for parcel post. Prints a dated postmark at the same time. Plus your own small ad, if you want one. Seals envelopes, too.

Buying postage is simpler; the meter is set by the postoffice for any amount of postage you want. Postage in the meter is protected from loss, damage, misuse. And automatically accounted for on double registers.

There's no minimum volume requirement for metered mail. Many meter users average less than \$1 a day in postage—like the meter for its convenience.

Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration. Or send for free booklet.

With postage rates going up again on Jan. 7th, more than ever you need a postage meter.

FREE: Handy desk or wall chart of latest postal rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.

Model DM, for the small mailer



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ON TARGET!



Air Force Skybolt is expected to be one of America's most powerful deterrent weapons. This air launched ballistic missile will save billions in taxes by extending the useful life of our B-52 and British Vulcan II bombers.

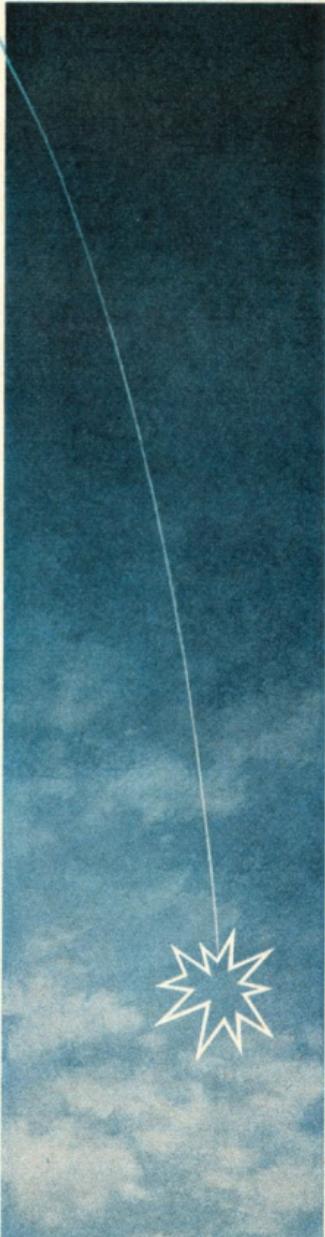
The Douglas Skybolt gives an aggressor reason to pause. It is being developed as a missile with nuclear capability that can be launched from a mobile hiding place in the sky a thousand miles from its target.

To date, several successful tests have been made and the aircraft-to-missile compatibility has been demonstrated. With modifications, Skybolt can also be used with supersonic aircraft of the future.

In developing this weapon system, Douglas has again proved its ability to create weapons that are practical and powerful deterrents...the best safeguards of the peace.

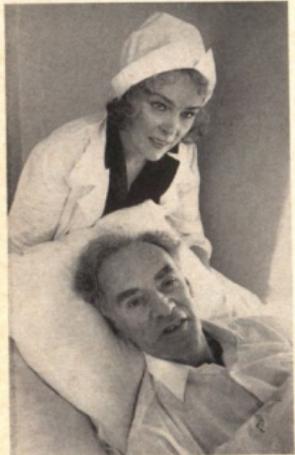
DOUGLAS

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got \$8,333 plus a \$25,000 grant for research.

For contributions to the development of the special techniques needed for teaching the mentally retarded, Educator Samuel A. Kirk won a \$25,000 award plus \$50,000 for the University of Illinois' Institute for Research on Exceptional Children, which he heads. A \$50,000 grant to the National Association for Retarded Children for "awakening the nation to the problems and for proving in countless ways that the retarded can be helped," brought the total gifts from the Kennedy Foundation to \$225,000. Each award winner also received a soaring Gothic form in crystal, engraved with a figure of the seraph Raphael (the name means "God heals") holding a child in his arms.



STAN HAYMAN—LIFE

PATIENT LANDAU & WIFE
After a catalogue of doom.

A Rage to Live

The patient, who had been injured in a collision between his light car and a heavy truck, was deaf, blind and speechless; he had no reflexes at all, and he did not show any pain reactions. The full medical diagnosis, reported in the magazine *Medical World News*, reads like a lengthening catalogue of doom:

Fracture of the base of the skull, with laceration of the fornic cerebri (white fibers connecting the brain's hemispheres); contusion of the frontal and temporal lobes; severe shock; fracture of nine ribs; pneumothorax (air in the pleural space around the lungs); hemothorax (blood in the same space); rupture of the pubic bone junction; fractures of the pubic, hip and haunch bones, and of the head of the left thigh bone; severe contusions of abdominal organs; rupture of the urinary bladder; paralysis of both arms and both legs; gradual failing of circulation, and gradual failing of breathing, apparently from brain damage.

Technical Death. The man in Moscow Hospital No. 50 that day last January was Lev Davidovich Landau, 54, one of the world's greatest physicists. "Dau" was not an ordinary patient, and he got no ordinary care. His friends unabashedly called for help from the free world. Canada's famed retired Neurosurgeon Wilder Penfield flew from Montreal at a few hours' notice. The Moscow doctors had already opened Landau's skull, but could not be sure whether the major threat to his brain was a large blood mass or a multiplicity of hemorrhages. Should they operate further on Landau's brain? Even while they conferred, Landau showed a faint sign of improvement; he seemed to recognize a friend. With Penfield concurring, further surgery was ruled unnecessary.

Though Landau was kept on round-the-clock artificial respiration, four times within a week his pulse disappeared and arterial blood pressure dropped to zero. Technically, he was dead. Each time, injections of adrenaline and strophanthin, and blood transfused directly into an artery, brought him back to a semblance of life. Landau spent seven weeks on artificial respiration; it was another seven weeks before he began to show signs of returning brain function.

Compelled to Reconsider. Soviet physicians are justifiably proud that they brought Landau, the year's Nobel laureate in physics (TIME, Nov. 9), back to life. Landau's brain had been starved of blood and oxygen for more than 100 days. "It was held previously," says Director Boris Yegorov of Moscow's Institute of Neurosurgery, "that oxygen deficiency of the brain cells inevitably led to their destruction. The Landau case compels us to reconsider the whole of accumulated medical experience. It has overthrown all existing theories." Neurologists outside Russia would not go as far as that. What the Landau case did, they conceded, was to undermine such arguments as the one propounded in last week's London medical journal *Lancet*, that doctors should not seek to prolong the lives of brain-damaged patients in "irrevocable comas." By previously accepted standards, Landau had been in such a coma for months. Yet now, Landau has recovered most of his memory. Childhood recollections returned first, then those of more recent events. He is even beginning to get back to work, once more thinking the abstruse thoughts of the theoretical physicist.

Scared to Death

Though Chang and Eng were the original "Siamese twins" exhibited by P. T. Barnum, they were not Siamese but Chinese. And though a popular impression persists that they died within a few hours of each other as an inevitable result of their physical union, this is not true, either. The facts were recorded in century-old medical records, but were generally ignored until Georgetown University's Dr. Worth B. Daniels browsed around a bookstore, came across a long-neglected autopsy report: Eng died of fright.

Born in 1811, the twins were joined at the lower end of the breastbone, mainly

by cartilage and ligaments which stretched and became so pliable that by the time the boys reached their teens they could stand side by side. When they were 32, the twins married Quaker sisters from Trap Hill Township, N.C.; Chang fathered ten children and Eng twelve. But despite their close tie and obvious similarities, the twins' temperaments and illnesses differed. Eng was abstemious; Chang was a tippler. In 1872, during one of his drinking bouts, Chang had a stroke that left him partly paralyzed.

In 1874, said Dr. Daniels, Chang complained of pains in his chest, though Eng still felt well. Chang's doctor ordered the twins to stay indoors. But in their turn-and-turnabout living pattern, it was time for them to move from Chang's house in White Plains, N.C., to Eng's. They made the switch in a buggy in the damp January cold of the North Carolina mountains. Next night, Eng awoke with a feeling of unease and called in one of his sons. Said the boy: "Uncle Chang is dead." Eng replied: "Then I am going also." Within three hours, and before a doctor arrived, Eng had died.

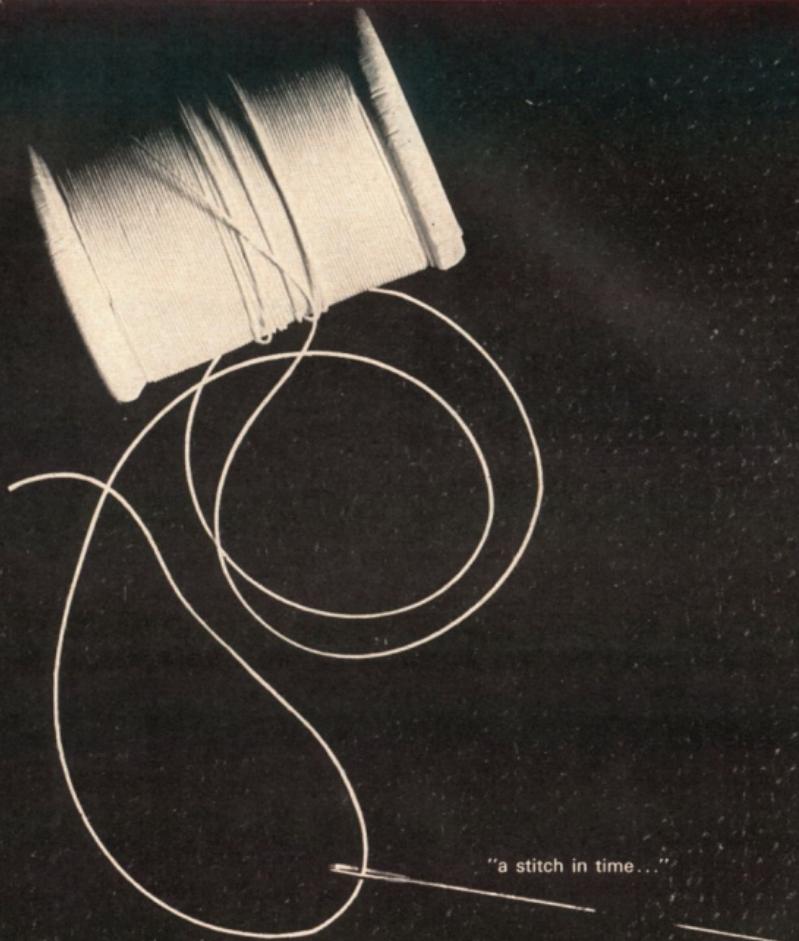
The world's greatest surgeons, who had repeatedly refused to separate Chang and Eng in life, had probably been right. Without X rays or other modern diagnostic aids, they could not be sure of how much of the twins' vital organs projected into their unifying band. But the autopsy disclosed that only a small part of Eng's liver projected into the attachment to his twin. If a bold surgeon had arrived in time after Chang's death, he probably could have saved Eng.

One of the physicians who examined the bodies of the twins wrote: "In my opinion, Chang died of a cerebral clot. Eng probably died of fright as the distended bladder seemed to point to a profound emotional disturbance."



CULVER PICTURES

ENG & CHANG
Now one might be saved.



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It increases both your premium and your risk.**

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A FORTUNE report on what's ahead for business now

FORTUNE's December Business

**Roundup reports on: the economic
repercussions of renewed confidence;
the outlook in the steel and automotive
industries; the expectations of the
producers of capital goods**

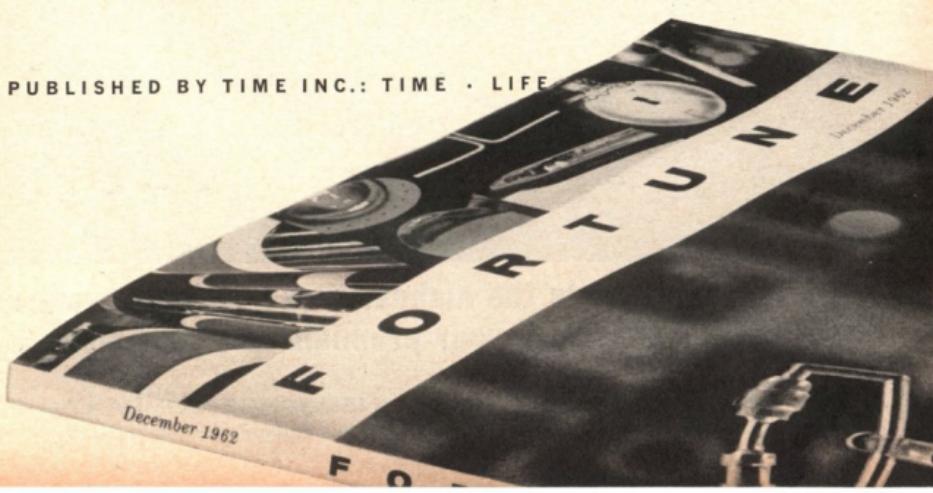
The big news about business last month was the renewal of business confidence. More important than the upsurge itself, according to FORTUNE's December *Business Roundup*, are the far-reaching repercussions this new optimism can have on the entire economy. Some businessmen, says FORTUNE, may find that they have prepared so well for recession that they will be hard put to keep up with prosperity.

No surprise to Roundup readers—The present return to confidence—and the turns and trends during the months ahead—will come as no surprise to FORTUNE readers. As early as January, 1961, FORTUNE's economists forecast "a long voyage for the U.S. economy, a \$40-billion expansion of the real rate of G.N.P. by mid-1962."

For much of 1962, while others grew cautious about the business outlook, FORTUNE maintained its position. Last July, after the economy was set back by steel and the stock market, *Roundup* lowered its sights a little. But while others foresaw recession in the remaining months of '62 and '63, FORTUNE did not change its basic forecast.

Vital factors in the continuing upturn—*Roundup's* early and correct evaluation of the direction of the economy is typical of the unmatched service FORTUNE provides for its readers. The December *Roundup*, for example, sorts out the forces behind the return to business confidence, and makes firm forecasts on such vital factors in the continuing upturn as:

Cars—The big drive in the economy now is from car demand which has absorbed virtually all of Detroit's new assemblies, forced successive increases in schedules and delayed many deliveries to 1963 when car sales can exceed this year's total of over seven million



PUBLISHED BY TIME INC.: TIME • LIFE

and reach a new record of 7,500,000.

Steel—Steel will be raising operations further, from an adjusted rate of 88-million ingot tons in October, and a bit more in November, to perhaps 110 million by the end of winter. By winter, steel users have said they will begin adding to their stocks as a hedge against 1963 labor negotiations. Thus the turn in steel promises to become quite dramatic again.

Capital Goods—The producers of capital goods believe their sales will increase about 4 per cent during the coming year. But FORTUNE's economists believe this forecast is too low. *Roundup's* own forecast is for a 2 per cent gain every quarter on the average, or more than double the producers' estimate.

Defense Spending—The prospect is that the fiscal year 1964 budget of the Defense Department will rise about \$3 billion, give or take half a billion; all that has changed are the odds on the half billion.

Department Store Sales—Sales began to recover last month from a warmish October, and Christmas volume promises a real surge. Over and above advance in final sales, inventory buying accordingly should advance early in 1963 at least to a rate of \$5 billion annually.

December *Roundup* also reports on the capital investment plans of the makers of equipment for soft-goods lines . . . the oil, chemical, and paper industries . . . food and textile companies . . . metal-working machine makers . . . the energy industries. It includes a progress report on U.S. exports. Tells why the U.S. competitive position is firming up; the main strengths and weaknesses in the export market; how the shift in favor of the U.S. is lessening worry abroad about the strength of the American dollar.

More phones, travel, insurance, repairs stimulate boom—Also in December, Part Three in a FORTUNE series on the crucial capital goods market surveys the capital spending outlook in the non-industrial sector of the economy. FORTUNE forecasts a long-range rise. With increasing use of phones, travel facilities, auto repair services, insurance, etc., this area already accounts for half of all private capital spending—or about \$26 billion of this year's \$52-billion total. By 1965, FORTUNE believes this non-industrial capital spending will rise another \$5 to \$7 billion.

A good climate for business and FORTUNE

In sum, December's FORTUNE reports: "Now that confidence has been restored, businessmen and consumers will be making their decisions about investments and inventories, automobiles and houses, in a new climate and in new dimensions."

It's heady and heartening news. And it's just one example of the kind of reporting FORTUNE readers expect—reporting that more often than not makes news headlines weeks and months *after* it has appeared in FORTUNE. It's important news for advertisers, too. What better climate in which to advertise your product or service than during the confident months ahead?

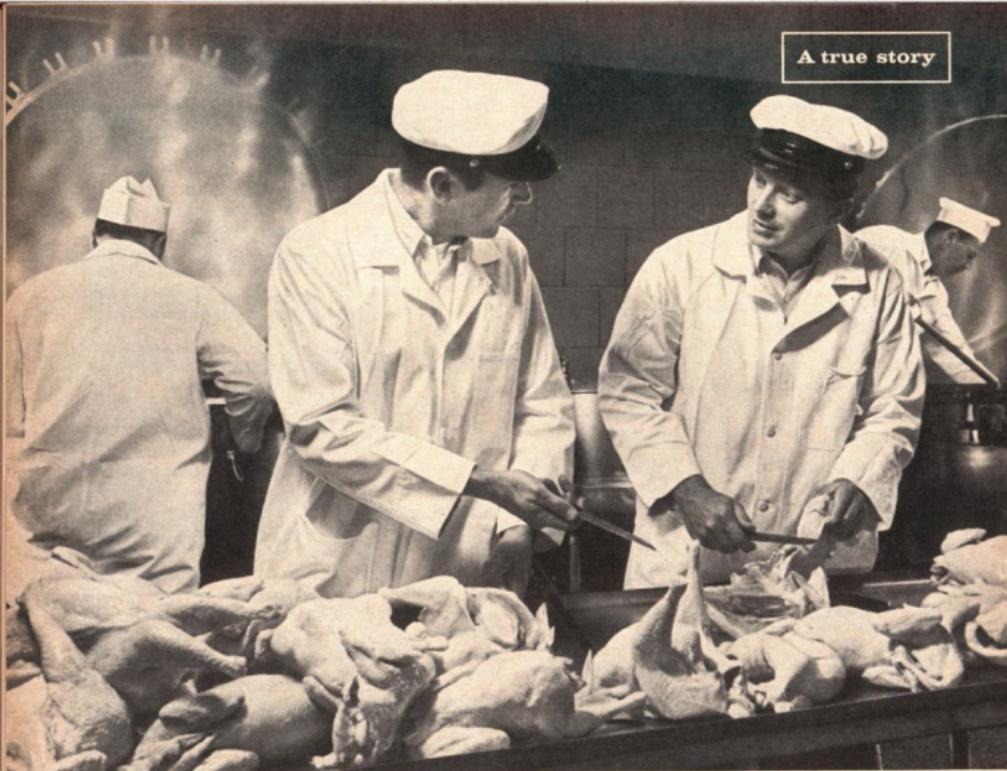
For a complimentary copy of FORTUNE's December Business Roundup write to: FORTUNE, Room 18-40, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED • ARCHITECTURAL FORUM • HOUSE & HOME

COMING IN JANUARY: FORTUNE's biannual forecast for the next eighteen months. Covers the ten most critical factors in the economy: Consumer Spending • Income and Savings • Prices and Wages • Capital Outlays • Government Budget • Construction • Inventories • Credit • Exports.



A true story



They carved out new markets for an old family business

When young Frank B. and his cousin took over the family wholesale poultry business, they were faced with an important decision. The industry was declining. Should they be content with moderate earnings from an established family business? Or, should they risk going into debt trying to expand the operation? They chose the latter course. And immediately set about developing new products, markets and services.

We met the young men when they presented their plan to the lending

officers of Division E. First, they had devised an ingenious method of getting more saleable meat from chickens. Second, to broaden their market, they would deliver chicken—cooked and sliced to order—to food processors, institutions and restaurants.

The bankers of Division E specialize in the food industry. They know its problems, its intricacies and its potential. Consequently, they required little time to recognize the merits of the innovations and the soundness of the strategy. And they

advanced the necessary funds to implement the ambitious plan.

The result? Today, B Company has more than tripled its sales and has only begun to realize its new market potential!

Of course, no two financial problems are alike; no two companies are similar. That's why we have specialists in all 11 industry-oriented loaning divisions. Whether your field is poultry or plastics, here you will always find the most knowledgeable approach to your banking problems.



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U.S. BUSINESS

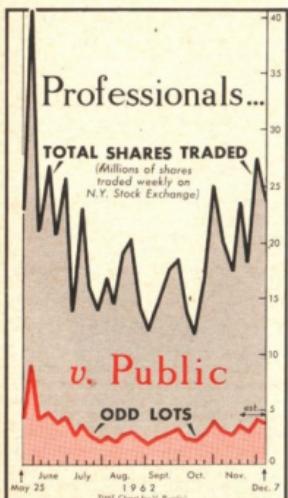
STATE OF BUSINESS

\$50 Billion Rally

In the six weeks since the turning point of the Cuban crisis, U.S. stock markets have staged the sharpest rally in their history. Prices of the shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange have risen \$50 billion. The Dow-Jones industrial index, which closed last week at 652.10, now stands 116 points above its 1962 low and only 83 points short of the alltime high that it hit last December. Why the rally? And how long will it last?

Big Man's Market. The Russian backlash over Cuba was a tonic to the market, and it was followed by a series of surprisingly strong economic indicators suggesting that a recession was not just around the corner, after all. Some Wall Streeters also count heavily on the extra lift that the economy should get from a tax cut next year. They also believe that the Administration's mounting deficits should set off the kind of inflation that boosts stock prices (because investors then move heavily into common stocks to protect their depreciating dollars).

So far, the heavy buying has come almost entirely from professional traders on the stock-market floor and from the insurance companies, pension funds and mutual funds. The small investor, who buys in "odd lots" of fewer than 100 shares, still feels burned from Blue Monday's break; he is dumping some stocks to establish tax losses before the year end and is putting his money into savings deposits, Christmas presents or new cars. In November the rate of odd-lot selling was the highest in 20 years, and the rate of odd-lot buying very low.



TIME, DECEMBER 14, 1962



J. EDWARD DAILEY

THE AVANTI
Five more brothers to come.

Small Man's Power. Wall Street's professionals are putting their money on blue chips that offer plump dividends and have steady growth records. The professionals are particularly high on those oil and aerospace companies whose earnings have been on the rise. They are notably cool toward most onetime "glamour" stocks, including many of the electronics and discounting issues, which fell fast during the market break but are still selling for 20 or more times earnings. The conservatives like to stick with issues closer to 15 times earnings.

Few Wall Street professionals expect the market as a whole to keep going up as sharply as it has in recent weeks. Some predict a fall-off in prices, because stocks in the Dow-Jones industrial index are now up to an average of 18 times earnings. Others argue that the effect of any tax cut has already been taken into account by investors, and point ominously to last week's Commerce Department report that capital spending, now running at a record annual rate of \$38.4 billion, is likely to decline slightly in next year's first quarter.

The bears' calculations, however, could be upset by one unpredictable factor. The public's pocketbook is bulging with record savings. In the past, rising stock prices and the suggestion of easy profits have brought small investors back into the market. If that should happen within the next few weeks, the outlook for the market would be bullish indeed.

AUTOS Setback for Studebaker

Of all U.S. automakers, the only one that has failed to benefit from the nation's current car-buying spree is the one that needs it most: South Bend's Studebaker Corp. With its sales for November running 13% below a year ago, harried Studebaker has seen its share of the U.S. auto market drop to a precarious 1.1%. Studebaker does not need to move a lot of autos to make a profit; in 1959, the year the Lark was introduced, the company earned \$28.5 million on sales of 137,000 cars. But Studebaker is currently selling cars at an annual rate of only

86,000, and for the first nine months of 1962 alone, reported losses of \$5,300,000.

Bothered by Bottlenecks. Some of Studebaker's troubles stem from the fact that the basic design of its Lark has not changed in four years while consumer tastes in cars have. But even more crippling has been a series of production snafus.

At the beginning of the 1963 model year, just as Studebaker was giving its cars a big advertising kickoff, a strike in a supplier's plant left the new Larks stranded on the production line without doors; by the time cars began to trickle through to dealers, many a would-be Lark buyer had switched to something else. Much the same fate befell the Wagonaire station wagon, which has a rear roof that slides open. Scarcely had the Wagonaire been introduced and consumer demand for it proven brisk when Studebaker discovered that the sliding roof leaked. Not until mid-November was the problem overcome well enough to allow volume production.

Biggest headache of all has been the Avanti, the hot, handsome sports car that is the pet project of Studebaker's dynamic President Sherwood Egbert, 42. Though initial orders suggest that Studebaker could well sell 15,000 1963 Avantis, production has been held to fewer than 500 a month by the difficulties of getting the various parts of the car's fiber-glass body to fit snugly together. Egbert hopes soon to open an Avanti body assembly line in South Bend so as not to have to rely solely on an outside supplier to both make and assemble the body. Meantime, Studebaker dealers are swamped with Avanti orders they cannot fill.

Supported by Diversity. Two years ago, all this would have been immediately disastrous for Studebaker. But in the past 18 months, Egbert has acquired for Studebaker five profitable new subsidiaries, ranging from a home-appliance maker to a non-scheduled airline. With 47% of its sales now outside the auto business, Egbert is counting on the new divisions to keep the company solvent until he can turn the automaking division around.

Already running around Studebaker's

secret test track near South Bend are five handmade cars designed to carry the Avanti look into every Studebaker price range. Ultimately, Egbert hopes to introduce these cars as his new line and transform his company into a U.S. version of West Germany's Daimler-Benz, turning out distinctive autos whose appearance would not be significantly changed from year to year. But this is a long-range gamble, and if Studebaker is to stay in automaking, Egbert must reverse the company's sales slump very soon. Whether he can do that will largely be determined not by the Avanti look—which cannot be introduced throughout Studebaker's line before 1965—but by the more conventional design changes that Studebaker has already scheduled for the 1964 Lark and Hawk.

FINANCE

Riding the Float

After Enterovioform and bottled water, the U.S. tourist's surest solace the world over is probably Manhattan's 112-year-old American Express Co. For the timid traveler, Amexco's 392 offices in 33 countries will shoulder every burden, from interpreting to selecting sights. Helping tourists pay off: two weeks ago, President Howard L. Clark, 46, announced Amexco's eighth dividend increase (from 30¢ to 35¢ a quarter) in ten years. At heart, however, Amexco is not really a tourist agency but a bank. The cornerstone of its prosperity is a curious nest egg called "the Float."

The Float stems from Amexco's estimated \$2 billion-a-year sales of its famed blue traveler's checks. The average traveler's check is not cashed until almost three months after it is bought. As a result, Amexco has a continuous pool of cash—now amounting to about \$400 million—on which it pays no interest and earns around 3% yearly. "Central banks apart," remarked London's *Financial Times* recently, "there is probably no other financial institution in the world that manages to obtain a supply of 'free money' on this kind of scale by issuing its own paper."

The Careful Caretaker. Amexco is conservative with the Float, invests it chiefly in government bonds and tax-free municipals. "We take good care of other people's money," says Clark, an earnest lawyer and C.P.A., who became president of Amexco three years ago.

Amexco takes good care of its own money too. Earnings last year were \$9,200,000, and 1962 promises to be even better. The travel business has bounced back from a slowdown last year, and even Amexco's credit card operation, a consistent money loser since its introduction in 1958, has finally moved into the black. To turn the trick, Clark a year ago increased credit card dues from \$6 to \$8 a year, tightened credit and ordered his 100-man security force to pick up cards from deadbeats.

Long Way to Go. Under Clark, Amexco is putting increased emphasis on its financial operations. Though it is already li-

censed as a banking firm in 15 countries (not including the U.S.), Amexco, with \$300 million in deposits, still ranks far below such globe-girdling banking networks as those operated by New York's Chase Manhattan or First National City. But Amexco's regional managers are currently engaged in a doorbell-ringing campaign to line up more commercial banking business. In line with this drive, the company recently announced plans to put up a new commercial banking office in the City of London. Encouraged by the profitability of its 49% interest in Hertz Rent a Car abroad, Amexco is also actively seeking more overseas activities in which to invest. Says Howard Clark: "We have a long way to go to realize our potential. And a large part of that potential is outside the U.S."

to bring order and continuity to the administration. The N.A.M., of course, named a committee to find the man, and in due course the committee settled on Werner P. Gullander, 54, an affable and articulate specialist in corporate finance.

Gullander (University of Minnesota, '30) started his business career as an accounting trainee at General Electric, in 22 years worked up to secretary-treasurer of one of G.E.'s big divisions. Then he put in eight years as financial vice president of Tacoma's Weyerhaeuser Co., and two troubled General Dynamics Corp. at a salary of \$105,750. At the N.A.M., he will get only \$100,000.

Last week, at the N.A.M.'s 67th annual meeting in Manhattan, "Gully" Gullander made his first public appearance since he took on the presidency of the association a month ago. Like previous N.A.M. presidents, he called for: 1) tax reforms, 2) less federal spending, 3) curbs on labor's "monopoly power." But he also indicated that his specialty would not be making public statements. "I'm just one of a bunch of guys running the N.A.M.," said he. "My job, basically, will be to mind the store."

PUBLIC POLICY

T. & E. Without Sympathy

With the nervous affability of a missionary who has stumbled into a cannibal camp, Internal Revenue Commissioner Mortimer M. Caplin sat down with 700 angry businessmen in Washington last week to explore "the T. & E. problem." T. & E.—for travel and entertainment—will be curtailed sharply as an expense-account item after Jan. 1 under the tax-law revisions passed in the last session of Congress.

Where once "the rule of reasonable" applied in expense-account audits, Internal Revenue now expects detailed receipts and notations for such business tools as lunches, conventions and country-clubbing. "We do not want to interfere with legitimate business-expense deductions," Caplin insisted at a two-day hearing on the new rules. But 56 assured executives who followed him to the rostrum plainly felt otherwise.

Lost Lubricant. They had a point, and so did he. Under the new rules, as the Internal Revenue Service originally chose to interpret them, business would be obliged to provide receipts for all outlays over \$10. They would also be required to itemize expenses down to 10¢ telephone calls and report such details as where and how long they entertained clients at expense-account lunches. Executives who made both business and personal use of a country club would be required to keep a log of all visits to the club, including those of their wives and children. Over 50% family use, decreed the IRS, and club dues would no longer be a business deduction.

Some of the outraged or apprehensive witnesses who showed up in Washington last week represented organizations or industries who batton on expense-account



DAVID GARN

N.A.M.'S GULLANDER
An organizer for the organization.

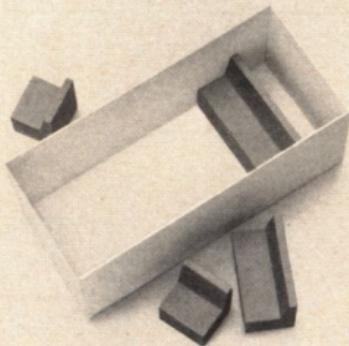
MANAGEMENT

Fulltime Storekeeper

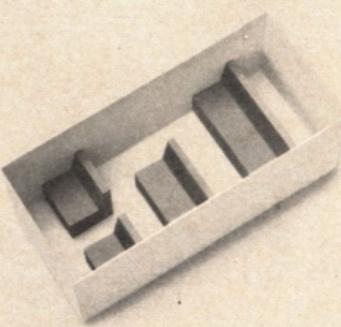
Whenever a U.S. industrialist wants an example of ungainly management structure, he need look no farther than his own trade association, the National Association of Manufacturers. The N.A.M. represents 17,000 companies—80% of which employ fewer than 500 workers. Its policies are formulated by 21 different committees manned by no fewer than 3,000 members, and final policy decisions must win a two-thirds vote of a 170-man board of directors. To make things more difficult, the association for most of its history elected a new president each year from among its members, and obliged him to run the N.A.M. (at no salary) along with his own company. Just as he got the hang of his N.A.M. job, his year was up.

After living this way for most of its 67 years, the N.A.M. finally turned to a management consultant firm for advice. One of the consultants' major recommendations: install a fulltime hired president

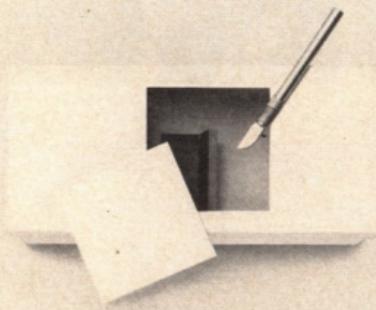
Got a lot to carry? Get a box.



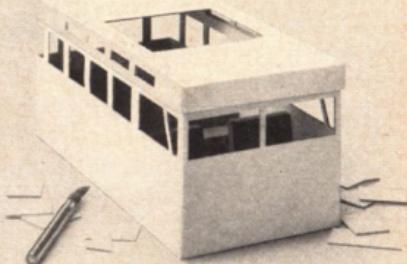
Now add a few seats. Say 8.



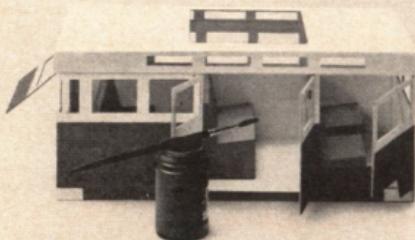
Make an aisle so you can walk to the back.



Cut a hole in the roof to let the sun in.



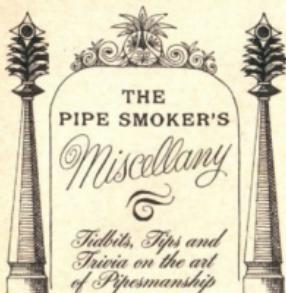
Windows? At least 23. Doors? 5 should do.



Paint it up and what have you got?



The whole idea behind the Volkswagen Station Wagon.



HOW MANY PIPES DO YOU NEED?



At least two if only to do justice to the Rule of Pipe Rotation—that is, change pipes at intervals so that continuous smoking doesn't scorch the bowl and shank.

But let's face it, a half dozen pipes is a better and more realistic number. (Of course, the more the merrier!)

How often should you switch pipes? Every 4-6 pipefuls, depending on the heat of the pipe and the taste you're getting.

Like a good wife, a pipe is a friend and companion for life.

MELVILLE



THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT STAYS LIT

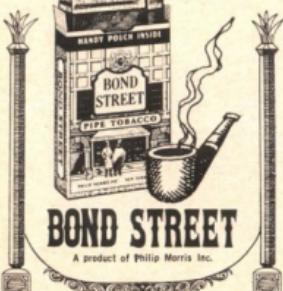


Bond Street Pipe Tobacco keeps burning, because of its old English cut—a combination of flakes for even-burning and cubes for slower-burning. You'll like its aroma of fine imported and domestic tobaccos, too.

Disagreements between pipe-smokers usually go up in smoke.



BOND STREET
A product of Philip Morris Inc.



living. Henri G. Foussard, president of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, insisted that "wives have as much right to eat on the expense account as the First Lady does." And President Andrew Ziomek of the National Licensed Beverage Association lugubriously predicted massive losses for bars and taverns, which "have provided the lubricant that has greased the wheels of American industry."

But the bulk of the witnesses were little worried by lost lubrication; a recent survey by the Research Institute of America showed that 61% of U.S. executives feel that some rule-tightening would be desirable. What bothered businessmen most was all the bookkeeping that the IRS proposed to inflict on them. Predicted Accountant Jaquin D. Bierman of J. K.

RETAILING

Sale at Cartier's

What the Rothschilds are to banking, the Cartiers have been to jewelry. Descended from a metal craftsman who worked for Louis XV, the Cartier family opened its first jewelry store in Paris in 1847, by the early years of this century had prospered sufficiently to set younger sons up in business in London and New York. Cartier's of Manhattan, which has been corporately independent of its Paris and London cousins since 1919, is more conservative than Tiffany's and more luxurious than Van Cleef & Arpels. Equally famed for custom-crafted goods at extravagantly high prices (\$1,000,000 for a 107-carat emerald necklace) and a cli-



GOLDSTEIN



GULDEN



CARTIER

Never push the upper register.

Lasser & Co.: "The new procedures are so detailed and unenforceable that, like Prohibition, they will fall of their own weight."

Happy New Year! Inundated by irate letters since the rules were first promulgated last month, Caplin came to the hearing prepared to make concessions. IRS, he announced, has decided to rewrite the regulations, eliminating such pettifoggery as listing local phone calls. There was also a possibility that the \$10 maximum for lumped small expenditures might be raised.

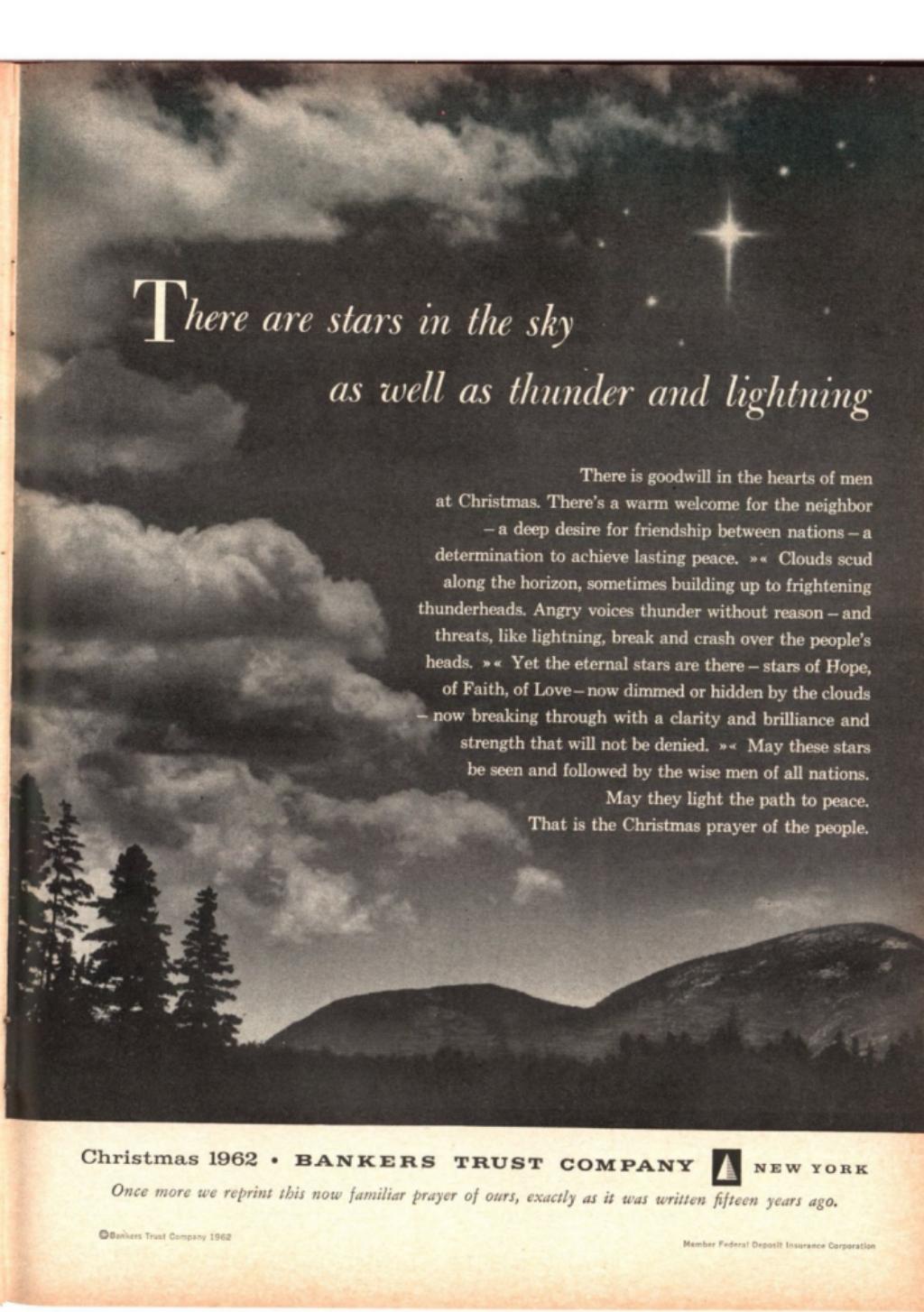
But, armed with estimates that the Government loses \$100 million in taxes a year as a result of expense-account cheating, Caplin was not about to make any major changes. And despite complaints from accountants that the record-keeping systems required by the new rules would take three months to set up, the Internal Revenue Service was still insisting at week's end that it planned to issue a final version of the regulations "before Christmas" and to enforce them beginning New Year's Day.

White House expense accounting is as intricate as the average businessman's. The President receives both a \$50,000 taxable allowance, for which he is accountable to Internal Revenue but not to Congress, and a tax-free \$40,000, for which he is accountable to Congress but not IRS. Any additional expenses which pay out of private income are handled as income tax deductions and presumably will have to be reported hereafter in conformity with Caplin's new regulations.

ent list that concentrates on the upper registers, the U.S. Cartier's commemorates the shop visits of royalty with plaques at its entrance. In its handsome Fifth Avenue mansion, salesmen never push the merchandise; they discreetly "suggest."

Last week Cartier's of Manhattan announced its biggest sale yet. At a price estimated to run between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000, a specially formed investment syndicate purchased from the Cartier family a major share of the store's stock. With the traditional reserve of the society jeweler, Cartier's would not discuss terms of the deal, would only say that Claude Cartier, 37, a nephew of the founder of Cartier's of Manhattan, will stay on as president of the company.

It did not take a jeweler's eye piece, however, to see that Cartier's might be in for a change of character. Biggest member of the share-buying syndicate apparently was Ramco Enterprises, Inc. Ramco, which also owns a shopping center and a textile mill, is headed by Ira Guldien, 66, a smooth-running Wall Street operator who was once vice president of Bulova Watch. Another member of the syndicate—along with two unnamed charity trusts—was Edward G. Goldstein, a well-heeled Bostonian. Goldstein is the financial power behind Marcus & Co., which operates the jewelry departments in 20 Gimbel Bros. department stores, and also owns major interests in two other Fifth Avenue jewelers—Tecla Pearls, Inc. and Black, Starr & Frost.



*There are stars in the sky
as well as thunder and lightning*

There is goodwill in the hearts of men at Christmas. There's a warm welcome for the neighbor — a deep desire for friendship between nations — a determination to achieve lasting peace. »« Clouds scud along the horizon, sometimes building up to frightening thunderheads. Angry voices thunder without reason — and threats, like lightning, break and crash over the people's heads. »« Yet the eternal stars are there — stars of Hope, of Faith, of Love — now dimmed or hidden by the clouds — now breaking through with a clarity and brilliance and strength that will not be denied. »« May these stars be seen and followed by the wise men of all nations.

May they light the path to peace.
That is the Christmas prayer of the people.

Christmas 1962 • **BANKERS TRUST COMPANY**  NEW YORK

Once more we reprint this now familiar prayer of ours, exactly as it was written fifteen years ago.

WORLD BUSINESS

COMMON MARKET

The Age of Commitment

A number of Americans last week got a closer look at the man officially in charge of building a prosperous federated Europe. German-born Walter Hallstein, 61, who as president of the Commission of the European Economic Community runs the executive machinery of the Commons



D. J. MELANGASIO

HALLSTEIN IN NEBRASKA
Tearing the baby from its crib.

Market, was in the U.S. to make three major policy speeches.

A one-time rector of Frankfurt University and former No. 2 man in the West German Foreign Office, Hallstein is possessed of formidable erudition, but no one in his U.S. audiences last week had much difficulty in understanding what he was saying. Captured at Cherbourg during World War II service as a Wehrmacht lieutenant, Hallstein polished up his American vernacular in a P.W. camp in Mississippi. Conceded by all hands to be a skilled negotiator, he is a party-shunning bachelor who devotes twelve hours a day to his job and is held by many to be a dull fellow. But he inspires deep respect in his subordinates—who meticulously address him as "Mr. President"—and is capable of a corrosive wit that is not far from arrogance.

Hallstein showed none of this side in his speeches last week. Instead he appealed for understanding. At Omaha's Creighton University, he complained: "Sometimes it has seemed that our Community was being torn out of its crib and being asked to shoulder the burdens of a man. Sometimes it has seemed that even our friends were being too impatient to give us time to mature."

Anguish at Success. Hallstein's community was certainly maturing fast. All around the world, nations that laughed when the Common Market countries sat down to play at six-handed free trading

are now envious of the remarkable economic progress the Six have made. Looking on nervously are the Commonwealth countries and the members of Europe's "Outer Seven," whose future relations with the Common Market depend upon the outcome of Britain's painful negotiations with the Six. And a dozen other countries, most of which have no prospect of ever joining the Common Market, regard the market's developing single-tariff wall as a piece of economic aggression. "We see only this," wailed a Yugoslav government economist last week. "Our exports are being choked off."

In fact, the chief effect of the Common Market on international trade so far has been to expand Europe's buying power to the benefit of almost everyone else—including some of the loudest complainers. In the first eight months of this year, Yugoslavia increased its exports to the Six by 18%, Turkey by 34%, Portugal by 27%, South Africa by 41%, Japan by 16% and Latin America by 10%.

Sympathetic Hearings. On the strength of these statistics, the Six might be excused for ignoring the complaints of the outsiders. Instead, they give the impression of listening with sympathy. (Except, the British would say, in their case.) In Brussels last week, Israel was negotiating special tariff terms for its exports to the Market—which constitute 30% of Israel's foreign sales. Turkey is arranging a program that will ultimately give it associate membership in the Common Market. Other outside prospects:

► The applications by Spain and Portugal for associate membership will get hearings early next year, though some Common Market nations strongly object to the Iberian dictatorial regimes.

► Latin American nations have sent representatives to Brussels to complain because agricultural products from France's former African colonies are to be admitted to the market tariff-free. In response,

some of the Six have eased their import restrictions on Latin American coffee, bananas and cocoa.

► France, Italy and the Benelux countries have recently agreed to lower their stiff bars against Japanese manufactured goods, and talks on a commercial treaty between Japan and the Six are expected in "the near future."

► Whatever tariff reductions the U.S. ultimately wins from the Six for U.S. manufactured goods will be extended to all other countries that manufacture the same products on "the most-favored-nation" principle.

"We are not only willing to consider the problems of nations on whom our very existence has an impact, we are obliged to," said Hallstein in Omaha. "We have reached the age of commitment, and we accept it."

JAPAN

School for Spies

Filching trade secrets to keep up with the competition is a device as old as buying and selling, and just as international. Nowhere does it flourish more than in Japan. An estimated 10,000 commercial spies honeycomb Japanese industry; in Tokyo alone there are 380 detective agencies that specialize in stealing corporate secrets. Last week industrial espionage achieved a new pinnacle of respectability in Japan with the opening of the Institute for Industrial Protection, a school avowedly established to train spies and counterspies for Japanese corporations.

Legal Theft. Japanese industrialists complain that they lose millions of dollars yearly because spies pass the plans for their secret new products to competitors. But there is no law in Japan against stealing trade secrets so long as no patents are violated, and products still in development are naturally not patented. "The only way to operate," says one



K. AIZAWA

CLASSROOM AT THE INSTITUTE FOR INDUSTRIAL PROTECTION
Trench coats are only for warmth.



A THREAD AT A TIME...YOU HARDLY NOTICE

For 30 years the advocates of government-in-business have spun their threads out one by one. While we hardly took notice, they pushed the federal government into thousands of business ventures, from sawmills to bakeries. In the field of electric power, 5½ billion dollars are now invested in federally owned plants and lines.

The expansion of government-in-business is

clearly a dangerous course. When government owns business it gains political and economic power—the means to control goods and jobs. With power thus concentrated it can become difficult for citizens to preserve their freedoms.

A thread at a time you hardly notice. But the danger is persistent, and loss of freedom lies in the spun-out web.

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THE PLAIN FACTS ABOUT OFFICE COPIERS



myth: an office copier serves only in the office
fact: just see what it does for production!

A Bruning diazo copier serves *anywhere* and *everywhere*, on the production line as well as in the office.

And *wherever* you use it, you can be certain of substantial savings. Here, for example, is how a Bruning copier cuts costs in production control.

With diazo, a single operation sheet and work order tightens the control to insure that productive parts are pro-

duced only to the latest engineering and process change. New automated Bruning copiers provide the speed and low cost that production control requires for releasing fabricating instructions.

Diazo does away with retyping of operation sheets; prevents the mistaken use of obsolete instructions; makes it unnecessary to write separate material requisitions, production orders, sub- and

final-assembly orders.

In short, Bruning diazo copiers—*wherever used*—speed production, eliminate errors, cut costs. A helpful survey by the American Production and Inventory Control Society offers concrete suggestions on ways to improve paperwork. The APICS survey—“Production Control Paperwork”—is yours for the asking. Please do.

CLEARLY, YOUR CHOICE IS

BRUNING

Charles Bruning Co., Inc.
Mount Prospect, Illinois

IN CANADA: 31 ADVANCE ROAD, TORONTO

Japanese industrialist grimly, "is to tighten security and then spy right back on those who are spying on you."

The new school is intended to help companies do just that. Its president is cagey Tadashi Kurihara, 70, who learned the ins and outs of espionage as a career diplomat and one-time Ambassador to Turkey. On his nine-man staff are seasoned operatives from Japan's wartime intelligence services, including Yuzuru Fukamachi, 65, a one-time navy code specialist, and Tatsuo Furuya, 55, Japan's intelligence chief in wartime Shanghai. President Kurihara and his men claim to be down to earth about their job. Says Kurihara: "We wear trench coats for warmth, not atmosphere."

Measures & Countermeasures. The students—there are 50 in the first batch—are mostly bright young executives in their late 20s. Their companies selected them to attend the institute, and also pay their tuition (\$112 per student).

During the four-month course, the students will learn how to use dozens of complex espionage devices. They will be taught how to tap a telephone from a distance by beaming a ray from an infrared listening device into the receiver, and how to coat documents with a colorless dye that will penetrate even through leather gloves to blacken the fingers of anyone touching the document. "Naturally," purrs Old Shanghai Hand Furuya, "we have a counter-formula which will nullify the dye's effect, and only our students will know about it."

After graduation the students, since they all come from different companies, are likely to end up with the institute's measures and countermeasures on one another. Shrugs President Kurihara: "At least, all our students will have an equal chance. They will make worthy adversaries for each other."

AFRICA

Doubling in a Decade

For the enterprising businessman, Africa is the continent of extremes: nowhere is industry less developed; in few places is there more eventual need for it. A United Nations survey out this week estimates that industrial production in Arab, black and white Africa will double in the next ten years, and quadruple over the next 20 years. But all this is atop a very small base. Per capita industrial output would have to increase 25-fold for Africa to catch up with the current levels in industrialized nations.

At present, most African industry is small, light, and based on the conversion of agricultural raw materials. Africa is thus not much of a competitor to the heavy manufacturers of the industrial countries. But Africa, the U.N. report noted, is beginning to develop or expand its own metals, machinery, chemical and textile industries. Presumably Africa should be a happy hunting ground for entrepreneurs—but they have to be businessmen ready and willing to take enormous political risks.

FRANCE

Vive Lamour

For centuries, the sunbaked southern French provinces known as the Midi eked out their living supplying the rest of France with table wines; when the grapes were poor, so were the farmers. But no more. Today, along with wine, growing shipments of melons, asparagus, peaches and strawberries flow from the Midi into Paris. Responsible for this profitable bounty is a new network of dams, canals and irrigation ditches running from Marseille westward almost to the Spanish

in the Midi, but the 30 inches of rain that the area gets in an average year is concentrated in about 80 days. The obvious solution: irrigation. Visiting the U.S., Lamour studied TVA dams and California's irrigated valleys, then returned to the Midi to duplicate what he had seen.

Lamour's first task was to win the support of his fellow farmers in the lower Rhone Valley. He sparked the formation of a partly private, partly government development corporation and sent its agents into Midi homes to argue for an irrigation system that would wipe out the area's dependence on grapes alone. Lamour's ad-



JEAN MARQUIS

IRRIGATION PROJECT IN THE MIDI



LAMOUR & GUEST
The melons flow like wine.

border. Responsible for the irrigation network is a 59-year-old northern Frenchman with the incontestable Gallic name of Philippe Lamour.

Born on a farm near the Belgian border, rugged Philippe Lamour migrated to Paris as a young man, became a successful lawyer and politician. In 1940, along with other Parisians, he fled south ahead of the Nazi panzers. Lamour never went back. He stopped running in the Midi town of Bellegarde, bought a run-down, 115-acre tract known as "The Farm of the Partridge," and settled down. At war's end, he added so many acres, traded in his horses for tractors and successfully grew strawberries and cauliflower in an area previously wedded to wine.

Tu & Toi. Lamour had fallen in love with the Midi, but he recognized his love's faults. The sun shines brightly year-round

vice to his agents: "Never refuse a glass of wine. Try to get on 'tu' and 'toi' terms with everyone."

Produce to Paris. To farmers, Lamour's irrigation scheme was attractive. Less attractive was his proposal that they plow under 300,000 acres of vines and turn to cultivating unfamiliar crops. But Lamour had two persuasive arguments. His diversified Farm of the Partridge was conspicuously profitable. And at Lamour's urging, the government (which is trying to reduce wine production) offered to pay \$363 an acre to every Midi farmer who plowed under his grapevines.

Since 1957, Lamour's *tu-and-toi* technique has produced impressive results. A dam on the Orb River is complete, another is under way on a tributary of the Hérault River, and 42 miles of canal are finished. Ultimately, at a cost of \$300 million, the Midi will be irrigated. Last year 40,000 tons of Midi apples and peaches reached Paris, and by 1965, annual shipments are expected to top 100,000 tons. Another dividend of Lamour's investment: the U.S.'s Libby, McNeill & Libby is surveying sites for a food processing plant in the south.

Lamour himself now spends much of his time lecturing away from home or escorting distinguished visitors over dams and through fields and orchards. Nikita Khrushchev, after such a visit, paid the Midi man a cherished compliment. "The man who astonished me the most in all France," said he, "was Philippe Lamour. He's the only Frenchman who could stand up to me."

ART



COROT SELF-PORTRAIT
Melancholy and joyful.

The Voices of the Trees

The last major show anywhere in the world of the French landscapists known as the Barbizon school took place in Manhattan in 1889—and shortly after that came the deluge. Successive waves of impressionism, cubism, and finally abstractionism swept them from museum walls and sent their prices sinking in the auction houses. What had been considered fresh and vigorous, later generations found sentimental and dull. But lately the Barbizon school has been undergoing another re-evaluation—upward. Currently on a tour of U.S. museums is the biggest Barbizon exhibition—113 paintings—since that Manhattan show 73 years ago (see color).

Thomas Howe, director of San Francisco's Palace of the Legion of Honor, is the man behind the Barbizon tour. With impressionist and post-impressionist art priced high, Howe noted a few years ago that collectors were ready to take another look at work that had fallen out of favor. "The featherly things are coming back," he said. "Privately, the big dealers are buying them up and salting them away." He looked over his own museum's Barbizon collection, decided that by adding paintings from local collectors (including Millet's once famous *Man with a Hoe*), he would have a strong start toward a major show. Howe took his idea to Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, which also had a sizable Barbizon collection. Before long he had an imposing list of honorary sponsors, including French Culture Minister André Malraux and Sir Philip Hendy, director of London's National Gallery. Last week, after a stay in San Francisco, the Barbizon show was on view at the Toledo Museum of Art. Next stops: Cleveland in January and Boston in March.

Back to Nature. The catalogue for the show, by Yale Professor Robert L. Herbert, is an event in itself, the first serious

study written about the school since 1925. It positions the painters, most of whom had their studios in the village of Barbizon near Paris, as genuine revolutionaries. For generations, French landscapists had not painted direct from nature except to make sketches. Their finished pictures were done in the studio—usually hoked-up historical scenes or "noble landscapes" that over the years had become more and more stately and contrived. The elementary idea that an artist could set up his easel out of doors and produce a serious painting was new and radical in early 19th century France. "Barbizon artists," writes Herbert, "were the first to narrow the gap that had traditionally existed between the direct sketch and the finished studio picture."

Drawing inspiration from British and Dutch landscapists, the Barbizon painters saw that a landscape did not have to be either historical or "noble." It could be an everyday scene, painted direct. The French revolutions of 1830 and 1848 aided the movement, stirring a pervasive tradition-breaking spirit that weakened the authority of the academicians.

Floating Studio. The oldest member of the new school was Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot, who began painting landscapes out of doors in 1822, when he was 26. A rover who toted his easel all over France, Italy and the Low Countries, he captured farmhouses, fishing villages, animals and people in muted colors of luminous clarity. He had a sense of structure that both Seurat and Cézanne admired, but he was more interested in the surface of nature than in its interior turbulence. His quiet scenes were sometimes a bit melancholy, sometimes vibrant with a profound joy.

Corot's friend Charles Daubigny bought a boat and used it as a floating studio. He

painted scenes along the coasts of France and Holland with brush strokes that became increasingly liquid, in keeping with his subjects. Critics accused him of hastening too much over solid detail, surrendering too much to vague "impressions." Writes Professor Herbert: "It was in this dispute, which revolved around his diminishing the difference between sketch and finished painting, that the battle for impressionism was first engaged."

Turmoil & Calm. The Barbizon artist most misunderstood in later years was Jean-François Millet, whose studies of peasants, notably *The Angelus* and *The Man with a Hoe*, splashed him with a reputation for sentimentality. Millet himself protested that he could not understand how anybody could consider the French peasants "jolly," and today, seen afresh, the paintings justify his protests. He painted his peasants with brooding compassion, saw in them "true humanity, the great poetry," but the mood is somber rather than sentimental. They bend to their labors patiently but also hopelessly, condemned to struggle against stubborn nature day after day with hoe and pick and ax.

Though 16 years younger than Corot, Théodore Rousseau was in his lifetime the dominant figure in the school. He was obsessed by the moods of nature, from the wild turmoil of storms to the glassy calm of scenes like his *Farm on the Banks of the Oise*. To those who have dismissed the Barbizon painters as little more than copyists of nature, Rousseau gave an arresting reply. To paint from nature, he said, was not to copy it but to converse with it, to paint objects in terms of "the echoes they have placed in our souls." He had "heard the voices of the trees," he said. "I wanted to talk with them and to be able to tell myself by this other language—painting—that I had put my finger on the secret of their majesty."



MILLET'S "ANGELUS"
Compassion, not sentimentality.



Barbizon School, WHICH AIMED TO RECORD NATURE'S MOODS, IS TYPIFIED BY DAUBIGNY'S "MILLS OF DORDRECHT"

THEODORE ROUSSEAU, A LEADER OF BARBIZON GROUP, PAINTED IDYLLIC "FARM ON THE BANKS OF THE OISE"





EXPERIENCE BRINGS GREAT WINES FROM THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS VINEYARDS

This is the man who directs the winemaking activities of The Christian Brothers—the Brother Cellarmaster. To him, experience is wisdom, understanding, judgment. It is indispensable to the growing of fine grapes, to the making of great wines. It is also part of a long and proud tradition.

For The Christian Brothers have tended their lush California vineyards with skill and devotion for nearly one hundred years, making wine to help support the Order's primary mission of teaching on the West Coast. The wines produced by The Brothers are without equal in America.

The Dry Sherry is an example. Patiently matured in

wood, it is crisply dry, its nut-like flavor the definition of fine sherry.

In sum, it is what you would expect of a sherry that carries The Christian Brothers label. For, after all, the quality of wine depends largely upon the integrity of its maker.

Enjoy The Christian Brothers Sherry at cocktail time, at any time. You will learn what experience means in the making of a great wine. You will learn, too, why it is that...

THERE ARE 22 GREAT AMERICAN WINES
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California
Dry Sherry

SPORT

The Rains Came to Madras But Mexico Won Anyway

India's monsoon rains drummed down on the makeshift rope-and-bamboo stadium in Madras, and Mexico's Davis Cup team wondered if they were there for tennis or water polo. "We will lose our edge," fretted Coach Pancho Contreras as the first day's matches were postponed. The wonder was that the Mexicans had any edge left at all. In a comedy of errors—or possibly gamesmanship—the Latin Americans spent the better part of a week bumping around India while their hosts acted as if they weren't even there at all.

Small Hello. Having whipped the U.S., Yugoslavia and Sweden to gain the interzone finals against India, the Mexican team arrived at New Delhi's Palam airport expecting the usual amenities. But not an Indian appeared to meet them. When the Mexicans finally made contact with the Indian Lawn Tennis Association, they got a small hello. Right up to the time they left home, the Mexicans imagined that the matches would be played in cool, dry New Delhi, as originally scheduled. But then the Indians switched to steamy Madras, 1,000 miles to the southeast, where their own players had been working out for a month. Now the Mexicans asked the obvious question: how to get there. The Indians merely shrugged—adding that if the Mexicans did not appear, India would be forced to claim a forfeit.

For four days Mexican Ambassador Octavio Paz scrambled around frantically trying to find hotel rooms (all the big hotels were full), a place to practice, and above all, transportation to Madras. The



RED WINGS' HOWE (RIGHT) ON THE ATTACK

Such an angel—off the ice.

BEN MARTIN

Indians explained that no planes were flying because of the Chinese border war; eventually they provided second-class train tickets for the two-day trip. At that, Ambassador Paz angrily complained to the Indian protocol office, which put the team on a flight to Madras—just in time for the monsoon rains. "When we finally got there," said Coach Contreras, "the boys were afraid to eat the food, and were losing weight."

Backhand or Forehand. The matches squared matters nicely—and established Mexico as a stylish new power in what is now a generally lackluster sport. Mexico's No. 1, Rafael Osuna, 24, who perfected his tennis as a student at Southern Cal, had proved himself a one-man gang in earlier cup matches, trimming the U.S.'s Jon Douglas in a close match and beating above Sweden's Ulf Schmidt and Jan Erik Lundquist.

On rain-soaked hard courts against India's highly regarded ace, Ramanathan Krishnan, Osuna powdered the baseline with his drives, showed a baffling array of skittering slices; at times, he even employed some gamesmanship of his own, scooting catlike around a backhand to take it on his forehand. Krishnan carried the match to five sets, got a breather when the match was interrupted in the fourth set because of darkness. But that was it. Next day Osuna polished him off, then teamed with No. 2 Mexican Antonio Palafox to win the doubles to lead the jubilant squad to a 5-0 runaway.

The Aussies may prove too much for the Mexicans when they meet in Brisbane later this month. But as the first Latin American team ever to reach the challenge round, Osuna and Palafox will at least reign as the sentimental favorites across the western hemisphere. They may even take a set or two from the usually invincible Aussies, who last year slaughtered Italy in straight matches.



ROBERT HALL

MEXICO'S OSUNA
Some performance—in the steam.

The Bashful Basher

Some people call it hockey, but its real name is intimidation. Whack, slam, hook and trip—these are the tools of the trade, and nobody employs them more ruthlessly and recklessly than Detroit's Gordie Howe, 34, a veteran of 17 years and quite possibly the most combative player who ever climbed onto a rink.

In the course of his career in the National Hockey League, Howe has had most of his front teeth knocked out and 300 stitches taken in his face. He has broken his skull, his collarbone, and assorted ribs and toes. He averages 60 min.—the equivalent of a full game—each season in the penalty box, and rival coaches complain that he does not get what he deserves. "When Howe gets knocked down," says one, "he looks like he doesn't care. But when he's getting up, he looks for the other guy's number. A little later, the guy will have four stitches in his head."

Records on Records. To Detroit's adoring fans, Howe is known simply as "Mr. Wonderful"—the best hockey player in the world. They may be right. As skillful as he is bruising, Howe has played more games (1,073) and scored more points (1,148) than anybody else in hockey history. He holds the lifetime record for assists (with 636), needs to slip the puck into the net just 33 more times to break Maurice ("Rocket") Richard's career mark of 544 goals. He has won the N.H.L. scoring championship five times; nobody else has won it more than twice. He has been voted the most valuable player five times (another record), and he has played in 14 All Star games.

Like good brandy, Howe seems to improve—if not exactly mellow—with age. Last year, though Howe had a good year, Detroit finished fifth in a six-team league. This year they stayed out of the losing column until the eleventh game of the



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season, last week were battling for the league lead.

Off the ice, Howe is the same "Bashful Basher" from Floral, Sask., who signed a Detroit contract at 16 for \$4,000. "I've changed my sense of values since," grins Howe, who at an estimated \$30,000 a year is hockey's highest-paid pro. Yet he is still blushingly polite to fans. At a celebrity golf tournament in Ontario, a clubhouse attendant asked him for an autograph to take home to his son. Howe was halfway to Detroit before he remembered the request; abruptly, he drove back to the golf course, sought out the attendant and gave him the autograph.

Goalies Beware. But when he laces on his shoulder pads, the brawny old pro is all vinegar. "There is nothing Gordie can't do except sit on the bench," says Frank Selke, managing director of the Montreal Canadiens. Most players favor one hand. Howe can blast with either hand, and his huge wrists and forearms—toughened by summers of "throwing" concrete and gravel—propel the puck toward the net at 90 m.p.h. What sometimes seems like uncanny accuracy comes from Howe's study of every goalie's weakness: "Some are vulnerable to rebounds—like Glenn Hall of Chicago. He has a habit of falling backward when he makes a save. Jacques Plante of Montreal doesn't always cover the corners of the net."

Yet Howe is no goal-happy prima donna. "This is a team game, not an individual game," he says, and he often passes off on a power play to Center Alex Delvecchio or Left-Wing Parker MacDonald. Last week Delvecchio topped all Red Wing scorers with 23 points; Howe had 22, MacDonald 20. Coach Sid Abel had no doubt about who was sparking the Red Wings. "As Howe goes, so we go," said Abel, "and we're going fine right now."

Who Won

► Southern California's undefeated (10-0) football team: the mythical national championship, by winning the No. 1 spot on every major poll at season's end. U.S.C.'s Jan. 1 Rose Bowl date with Wisconsin, rated No. 2 in the nation, should produce the college game of the year. Best in the East: Penn State, which lost only one game (a 9-6 squeaker to Army) and carried off the Lambert Trophy.

► The Chicago Cubs' Second Baseman Ken Hubbs: Rookie of the Year honors in the National League. Unlike the Yankees' heavy-hitting Tom Tresh, the American League's top rookie, Hubbs batted only .260 for the year: he fielded his way to the title by playing an alltime record 78 consecutive games without an error.

► World Lightweight Champion Carlos Ortiz: his first defense of the title he won from Joe Brown last April, by trouncing Japan's Teruo Kosaka before 8,000 spectators in a Tokyo sumo wrestling hall. The 135-lb. Ortiz toyed with the windmilling Japanese challenger for four rounds, put him neatly away after 2 min. 32 sec. of the fifth. The fans applauded politely, rose from their straw mats, put on their shoes and went home.

MUSIC

The Orchestra Maker

The best symphony orchestras are not necessarily the long-established veterans—and no one likes to prove the point more often than veteran Conductor Leopold Stokowski. Since he left his post as principal conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1936, he has organized more front-rank orchestras than some conductors face in a lifetime. Now 80, Stokowski is still up to his old tricks: in its third concert of the season last week, Stokowski's newly organized American Symphony Orchestra demonstrated to a cheering audience that it rivals the very best.

The wonder of the new orchestra is that a third of its players are fresh out of conservatories. The youngest is 18, and the group has played together no more than 30 hours. But Stokowski has an almost uncanny way of making instrumentalists play better than their best; he is as adept as ever at juggling his seating arrangements to produce the lush orchestral effects that are now so easily recognized as the Stokowski Sound.

In last week's concert at Carnegie Hall the orchestra offered a haunting, evocative reading of Debussy's *Six Epigraphes Antiques*, a relaxed, singing Brahms's *Symphony No. 2*, a beautifully articulated *Petite Symphonie Concertante* by contemporary Swiss Composer Frank Martin. Stokowski led his 95 musicians with the surgically precise gestures of the hand, the long, scythelike sweeps of the arm that are as familiar to concertgoers as the white-maned profile. At concert's end, in response to the cheers, Stokowski announced a "Christmas present" encore—his own arrangement of old and traditional Russian Christmas music.

Stokowski began to think about forming his newest orchestra two years ago.



HENRY GRODZINS

STOKOWSKI & AMERICAN SYMPHONY
Up to his old new tricks.

He started holding auditions and putting the bite on his friends for contributions. He listened to a total of 200 young instrumentalists in his penthouse on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, hired the outstanding performers and put the rest on a waiting list. To fill out the orchestra with more experienced players, Stokowski consulted what is probably the most extensive talent file in all music: his own loose-leaf notebook in which he has evaluated every instrumentalist and singer who has ever performed with him—about 1,700 of them.

He was ready for rehearsals by last October, and wherever he could he sat the youngsters next to the veterans, on the theory that the enthusiasm of one would rub off on the experience of the other. But there is more than seating arrangement to account for the transformation of an assorted group of musicians into a symphony orchestra. Stokowski tunes differently from other conductors: instead of asking the oboe for an A by which the whole orchestra tunes, he asks for an A for woodwinds, a B-flat for the brasses, an A again for the strings. The three sections tune separately. Nor does Stokowski, like most conductors, stop the orchestra in mid-flight during practice sessions; he plays through a composition from beginning to end, making copious notes, then consults his notes before pointing out where the orchestra went wrong. Courteous and patient with his orchestra, he is also given to sharply pointed remarks when he thinks that a musician is performing at less than his best. At a recent rehearsal he remarked dryly to one culprit: "You are a good player, but you don't play well."

The aging master has no more qualms than he ever did about tampering with the instrumentation of the masters to achieve the sound he wants. "You must realize," he says, "that Beethoven and Brahms did not understand instruments. Composers like Ravel, Debussy and Mozart did." Nor can he see why the high professional gloss of his new orchestra should cause surprise. Says Stokowski: "It's a misunderstanding that an orchestra must be together for a long time; some orchestras have been together for a century and still cannot play well."

Liebestod

It was like the *Liebestod* that had killed Isolde on a hundred nights at the opera. The great Wagnerian voice had risen, had touched all the heroic notes, had softened, had faded, had died. For 20 years she was the world's greatest soprano and for nearly 40 it was hard to imagine Wagner without her. Then, last week, at 67, after a bedridden year, Kirsten Flagstad died.

From her debut at Oslo's National Theater in 1913 to her farewell on the same stage 40 years to the day later, she was unquestionably the diva of the century. Her voice was at first sweet and small, but by 1935, when she made her



WAX PETER HAAS

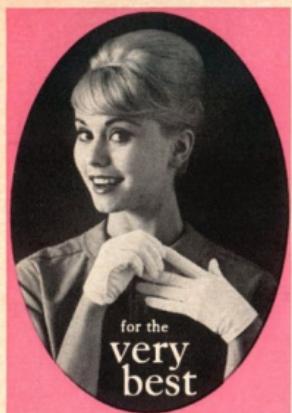
FLAGSTAD AT MET FAREWELL (1952)
Wagner would never be the same.

debut at the Met as Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*, it had grown into immense power and clarity, perfectly even throughout its great range. She had grown with it, and when, as Isolde, she embraced Lauritz Melchior's Tristan, 400 pounds of lovebird sang from the stage. But together they were 400 pounds of genius, too, and after them Wagner could never again be the same.

She had no mind for anything but opera, and before Hitler took Poland she gushed to the press about his beautiful blue eyes. In 1941 she got a Nazi visa to return to occupied Norway, where she lived well on the profits of her husband's collaborationist lumber business. He died on the eve of his trial during the purge of the quislings in 1946. When Flagstad returned to the U.S., she was greeted with pickets, jeers and stink bombs in the concert halls of three cities. But she was innocent, if naive, and the world soon forgave her. And after her long silence, she seemed better than before.

She retired time and again, but like Brünnhilde emerging from the fire, she kept making appearances—a six-week charity tour of 25 concerts, an astonishing, exhausting month-long recording session in which she filled twelve albums with a full Wagnerian repertory. At 60, the heroic soprano range was still hers—not the top C, perhaps, but certainly the top A, clear, strong, unfailing.

In her last years she took up the direction of the new Norway Opera and retired happily to her great wood house in Kristiansand, on Norway's south coast. There, amid heavy paintings and great music, she knitted, played solitaire, entertained her friends with evenings of Schumann and Schubert, softly singing the lieder to her own accompaniment. And always, there was the suggestion that given some encouragement, she could still sing the great *Liebestod*, the song of love unto death that belonged to Flagstad.



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MILESTONES

Born. To King Simeon II, 25, King of Bulgaria, who was deposed from his throne at the age of nine by the Communists after World War II, and Margarita Gómez-Acebo y Cejuela, 26, jet-haired light of Madrid's aristocratic high life: their first child, a boy; in Madrid.

Divorced. By the Countess of Coventry, 28, the former "Mimi" Medart, a St. Louis restaurateur's playgirl daughter: the eleventh Earl of Coventry, 28, an ex-Grenadier Guards lieutenant whose family motto is "Candidly and Constantly"; on uncontested grounds of adultery; after seven years of marriage, one son; in London.

Died. Bobo Newsom, 55, showboating South Carolina-born major-league pitcher for 24 years, whose roundhouse skill on the mound (211 victories for nine different clubs) was matched only by his foghorn braggadocio; of intestinal hemorrhage; in Orlando, Fla. Born Louis Norman Newsom, he always referred to himself and everyone else as "Bobo." Drove around in a custom-built car with a two-tone bo-bo horn and his name in gold leaf a foot high on the dashboard. He was magnetic to baseballs, at various times broke his thumb, his kneecap, his leg. Pitching against the Yankees in the 1936 opener in Washington, a third-inning wild throw from third base to first fractured his jaw. Bobo picked himself up and went on with the game. "When President Roosevelt comes to see Bobo pitch, Bobo ain't gonna disappoint him," he declaimed—and shut out the Bombers, 1-0.

Died. Irene Pearl Smith Cliett, 63, shotgun-brandishing Texas farmer who, when federal courts ruled against her in a 1958 title fight for ownership of the farm, seceded her 705-acre spread from the Union and applied to the United Nations for membership; of cancer; in Glendale, Calif. Though all her efforts came to nought, Irene's finest hour was sending her mobile, 10-year-old daughter Angeline to the White House in 1958 to seek justice, with a rusty, 9-ft. chain padlocked around her neck. The key was mailed to President Eisenhower, who ordered secret servicemen to return it to Angeline. Angeline unlocked her chain necklace, padlocked it securely on the main gate of the Executive Mansion, and strolled off, leaving the U.S. in something of a bind.

Died. Kirsten Flagstad, 67, Norway's renowned Wagnerian opera soprano; after a long illness; in Oslo (see MUSIC).

Died. Robert Joseph Casey, 72, star reporter at home and overseas for the Chicago Daily News from 1920 to 1947, a blithe spirit who taunted his publishers with such expense-account items as 10¢ for wolfhairs after covering a wolf hunt, and tickled his readers with such feats as hiring a taxicab during the "phony" war

of 1939 to tootle past France's Maginot Line and inspect the Nazis' Siegfried Line; of pneumonia; in Chicago.

Died. Rear Admiral Luis deFlores, 73, stocky descendant of Spanish grandees who, after making a fortune as a \$100,000-a-year consulting engineer to oil companies, put his inventive talents at the service of U.S. aviation, won flying's coveted Collier Trophy in 1943 for combat simulation devices during World War II; of a stroke, which occurred while he was readying up his twin-engined amphibian for take-off; in New London, Conn. Winning his wings at 50, deFlores was once asked if his safety inventions could ever foolproof a plane, coolly replied that the only such aircraft was one that "couldn't be flown by a fool."

Died. John George Taylor Spink, 74, publisher since 1914 of the Sporting News, the nation's oldest sports weekly, a gruff St. Louisan with a blankety-blank tongue, who inherited the newspaper at the age of 26 and built it into baseball's bible with a 178,144 circulation; of a heart attack; in St. Louis. The only sports-writer accorded a special niche in the Hall of Fame, Spink was called "baseball's bellowing Boswell" for attacking such blots on the sport as the Black Sox scandal and recording its heroes with such delight that he even found a spot for himself: "Most times official scorer, World Series, J. G. Taylor Spink, 12."

Died. Merwin Kimball Hart, 81, crotchety right-wing dragon of the 1930s and latter-day John Bircher, who put aside a law-and-insurance career in the early 1930s to found the present National Economic Council, Inc., a tom-tom for his reactionary views: of a heart attack; in Manhattan. Through his fortnightly Economic Council Letter, Hart fought the income tax, the 40-hour week, the United Nations, antidiscrimination bills, child labor laws, state aid to education, and all the works and ideas of his 1904 Harvard classmate, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Died. William Seaver Woods, 90, long-time editor-in-chief of the now-defunct *Literary Digest* and pioneer in the fine art of political poll-taking, a device that he used to swell the magazine's circulation from 45,000 when he took over in 1905 to 2,225,000 by the time he quit in 1933; of a stroke; in Old Lyme, Conn. Basing his forecasts on straw ballots mailed out across the U.S., Woods predicted F.D.R.'s 1932 presidential victory with 98.85% accuracy, then angrily resigned when his cost-conscious publishers insisted that the next poll include only names listed in telephone directories and automobile registration lists. That was a mistake in those Depression days, leading the *Literary Digest* to predict victory for Alf Landon in 1936, after which the periodical declined, was absorbed by TIME in 1938.

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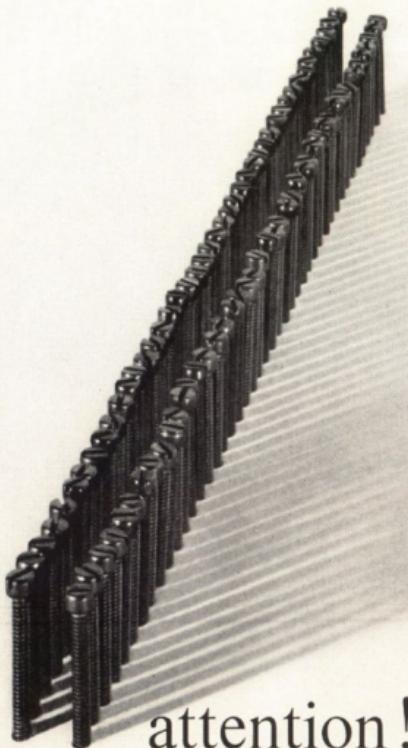
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CINEMA

Real Dog

If a Man Answers. "If you want a perfect marriage treat your husband like a dog." That's what Mother (Micheline Presle) says, and Mother, one of those cocksure Frenchwomen, means literally what she says. When her daughter (Sandra Dee) gets married, she gives her some bitchy advice: "Husbands often leave home, pets never. And remember, a well-trained pet is happier."

Yes, but how can the girl make woman's best friend out of the curly-haired wolf (Bobby Darin) she is wed to? Easy. She scratches him behind his ears, lets him run on a nice long leash, dresses to bring out the Pinscher in him, feeds him plenty of pink meat and hot mush, gives him a good warm place to sleep. Pretty soon she has trained the poor yap to fetch, carry, make spaniel eyes, sit up and beg for his supper and think all the while what a lucky dog he is. But one day somebody tells him his wife has deliberately turned him into a lap dog, and he sets up a terrible howl. "I am a hunter," he snaps at his spouse as he leaves the house; "and I still haven't forgotten how to point!"

"Mother!" the wife gasps, "what shall I do?" Mother smiles that shrewd little smile the French always smile when they talk about sex, the one that means: I'm so glad you asked me that, because now I can show you how horribly knowing and worldly wise I am. "Get a lover," Mother says, "or better still, invent one—like I did. I sent myself flowers and got my girl friends to call me. If a man answers,



LEWIS IN "MONEY"
He is also in the chips.

I said, hang up. It's the click that drives husbands mad."

It's what doesn't click that drives moviegoers mad, and too many things in *If* don't click—loud. The dog bit is sometimes good for an arf, but Actor Darin and Actress Dee, who are Mr. and Mrs. in real life too, just sort of stand there most of the time and look like Tweedle Dumb and Twiddle Dee. And the production like all of Ross Hunter's productions (*Pillow Talk*, *Midnight Lace*), is in the cheapest kind of expensive bad taste. It's the sort of picture, in short, in which the heroine wears 32 costumes but only one expression: goo-goo eyes.

Poor Fish

It's Only Money is the perfect title for a Jerry Lewis picture. His movies never mean anything more than money, and they never make anything less than a lot of it—none of the 26 films he has made has cost more than \$2,000,000, and all have grossed more than \$5,000,000. *Money*, as it happens, is a good deal better than most of them, and can conscientiously be recommended as a satisfactory substitute for thumb-sucking, rattle-banging, kitchy-koo or water play.

Hee-Hee-Hero Jerry, a TV repairman whose knob is on the fritz, stands to inherit a knobillion dollars, but he doesn't know it. An unscrupulous attorney (Zachary Scott) and his sinister sidekick (Jack Weston) know it very well, and they decide to make worm food of Jerry before Jerry finds out. The sidekick tries to run him down with his big, black, shark-shaped limousine—Jerry falls in a man-hole just in time. The sidekick tries to prang him with a high-powered rifle—Jerry is so jerky that the punk just can't hold him in his sights. The sidekick tries to blow him up along with a small sailboat—Jerry is snagged in the behind by a fishhook and yanked overboard three seconds before the boat explodes.

Best bit: Jerry, always helpful, grabs a fish pole from a lady angler when she gets a bite, yanks on it hard, loses the fish, staggers backward, tangles poles with another angler, staggers backward knocking over anglers, poles, bait buckets, lunch baskets and trash cans, till at last he

winds up splat in the middle of the first this-is-me-and-the-big-fish-I-caught snapshot ever taken with the subject's head in the fish's mouth.

Big Bad Wolf

The Legend of Lobo. In 1897, according to one educated estimate, about 500,000 head of cattle and sheep were slaughtered by wolves in the U.S. West. Understandably, the ranchmen waged all-out war against wolves, and toward the end of the last century thousands of the bloody brutes were trapped or shot or poisoned every year. But no matter how many were killed, there was always the big one that got away. In New Mexico his name was Lobo, and Lobo was a brute half again as big as he had any natural right to be, with a roar like a lion and a paw like a bear and a cunning that made hunters old before their time. His legend still lives in the great Southwest, lives in every boy who ever read *Lobo*, *The King of Currumpaw* by Ernest Thompson Seton. Now it lives in something more than full color and something less than full credibility in this True Life Adventure by Walt Disney.

To hear Disney tell it, wolves aren't so bad, and if they are it's because people make them that way. Take Lobo. Why, when he started out he was just the cutest little pup you ever saw, but along came a bounty hunter and shot his mother, and poor little Lobo was forced to become a lone wolf. Naturally, he killed a few cows now and then, and why not? Man had eliminated the buffalo, and Gro-Pup doesn't grow on trees. But his private life was exemplary. When he grew up he fell in love at first bite and became a thoroughly respectable meat-winner.

The story is just plain silly, and the singer feller on the sound track ("Lobo, Lobo, remember this day/Man's bullets have taken your mother away") is even harder to take. But the film was shot in Arizona, and frame after frame is crammed with some of the most magnificent scenery on the planet. What's more, the hunting scenes—notably one in which an old wolf elegantly cuts a calf out of its herd and then leaps in savagery to slash its hamstrings—have the beauty and the horror that inevitably attend a blood rite.



DEE IN "IF"
Tweedle Dumb loves Twiddle Dee.

BOOKS

Wait Till You Meet Mao

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER [810 pp.]—Edgar Snow—Random House (\$10).

In 1936, when Mao Tse-tung had a price of \$100,000 on his head and was hiding in a cave village with his dwindling Red army, a young correspondent named Edgar Snow tramped across north China to the Great Wall, found Mao and spent weeks talking social progress with him. He then hurried home to write *Red Star Over China*, an ardently naive treatise that predicted the ultimate victory of Mao and his Chinese Communists, who were not really Communists but agrarian reformers.

Two years ago, Snow returned to China to see Mao again and, as he reminds him-

as dedicated as young priests, everyone conscientiously does his daily *t'ai chi ch'uan* calisthenics. Even the Yellow River, now dammed and tamed like everything else in China, runs blue—"blue as the Aegean," Snow says.

But if China is wonderful, wait till you meet Mao. He is revered in Snow's China like no one since Confucius. He speaks in witty epigrams, travels humbly among the people, even wears old cotton socks that droop charmingly around his ankles. Mao's dearest wish, Snow reports, is to visit the U.S., if only to swim the Potomac. And though Snow argues that the U.S. ought to quit its "aggressive outposts" like Formosa, Japan, South Viet Nam and South Korea, he sees the rude failure to invite Mao over for a visit as the "great error" in U.S. policy.

Iron & Steel. What little Snow finds bad in New China he justifies by presuming that it would be much worse if Chiang Kai-shek were in charge. Promising later discussions that never materialize, he skims over the regime's faults to exult in its virtues.

Snow also reports with pride every good crack he got off while in China: "What do you know of iron and steel, Mr. Snow?" "Never touch the stuff." The account grinds endlessly on and in such poor organization that putting his observations together and in order is like contour plowing. Often, he writes of the present in the past tense in imitation of "historical distance." But history, even before his publication date, has betrayed him. After pressing the argument that Russia and China will never split severely, he insists that China will never fight India to win a "map victory" along the mountain frontier.

Senior Dissenter

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF UPTON SINCLAIR [342 pp.]—Harcourt, Brace & World [\$6.95].

In the absence of a public monument (some outdoor version of the Laocon would seem to be called for), Upton Sinclair has written his autobiography.

For those who came in late—anyone under 40—it should be explained that Upton Sinclair, now 84, has had his finger in every pious and progressive cause since 1900 and has published 90 books, most of this unimaginable wordage being in the promotion of beliefs that range from socialism and mental telepathy to vegetarianism and teetotalism, and against Mammon—variously embodied as Privilege, the Trusts, the House of Morgan, the Press, etc. As monument, the book is touchingly human. As autobiography, it is something less; success in that elusive art is achieved only by those whose quarrel has been with themselves rather than the world. Sinclair, who has quarreled with everybody else, has never found the slightest reason to criticize himself. But the book is a naively honest and endearing record.

Cupid's Darts. "Was it really genius?" asked the wonderful old windbag of his own remote and astounding youth. A prodigy, certainly. The son of a boozey soft-goods drummer who was pathetically proud of his descent from a long line of Southern naval officers, Upton was a boy wonder. He was still in short pants and scarcely through his freshman year at New York's City College (he entered at 13) before he had written his first novel. At his peak, his output of hack work and potboiling romances reached a sizzling 8,000 words a day. Of the many millions of words he wrote, few are the right ones in the right order, but some defect of ear, taste or intelligence mercifully protected him from knowing this.

Then there was the matter of his socialism or "industrial democracy" or "social justice," as he variously called his faith. He came to it, he says, out of social resentment (the Sinclairs had come down in the world). Socialism was then in its



SNOW & FRIEND
Betrayed by history.

self on nearly every page of his portly new book, his second visit was as much an achievement as his first. Reluctantly accredited by the State Department ("someone we feel cannot be objective") and enthusiastically accepted by the Peking government, Snow traveled 12,000 miles through New China, spent hours with Mao (the only American to interview him in ten years) and days with Chou En-lai. Just as time has not diminished Snow's zest for a story, neither have events darkened his view of Mao's China.

Blue River. There is, of course, the matter of food shortage. But Snow argues that the famine of 1959 was vastly exaggerated by the Western press—even though Chou himself has pronounced it "the worst series of disasters since the 19th century." Moreover, says Snow, what is a famine in New China would have been a feast in Old China. On this trip, he saw no starvation and little malnutrition. Everywhere he was struck with the sight of new cities, new highways and railroads, burgeoning new industries, happy people, smiling children. Crime has all but vanished, slums are clean and filled with bookstores and nurseries, soldiers are



SINCLAIR & THIRD WIFE
Outdistanced by society.

quasi-religious phase, and he became one of its missionary preachers. It gave him fame and a million dollars from devout readers who devoured the prophet's politics and didn't care a damn about his prose.

The books that brought him fame, from *The Jungle* (about the Chicago stockyards) to *Boston* (the Sacco-Vanzetti trial) and *The Brass Check* (the capitalist press), were really fictionalized exposé journalism; they belong to social rather than literary history. It is not his fault that today he seems quaint and a bit comic, like Mrs. Amelia Bloomer. For better or for worse, the U.S. has taken a good deal of his advice. Strikers, for instance, whose cause Sinclair fought from Pasadena to Passaic, are no longer jailed out of hand by local police chiefs acting under the orders of the Chamber of Commerce. Late in his autobiography there is a wistful recognition of the fact that no one any longer thinks of him as an enemy of established society and that the world he rebelled against has dismally vanished.

Terrible Time. Sinclair emerges from his own book an admirable, sympathetic and totally cranky figure, best seen in his early years enjoying every minute of the

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Residence Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____ State _____

Occupation (Rank if on active duty) _____ Age _____

Is car principally kept on a farm or ranch? Yes No

Location of car if not at above address _____

Year	Make	Model	# Cyl.	Body Style	Purchase Date	□ New Mo. Yr.	□ Used

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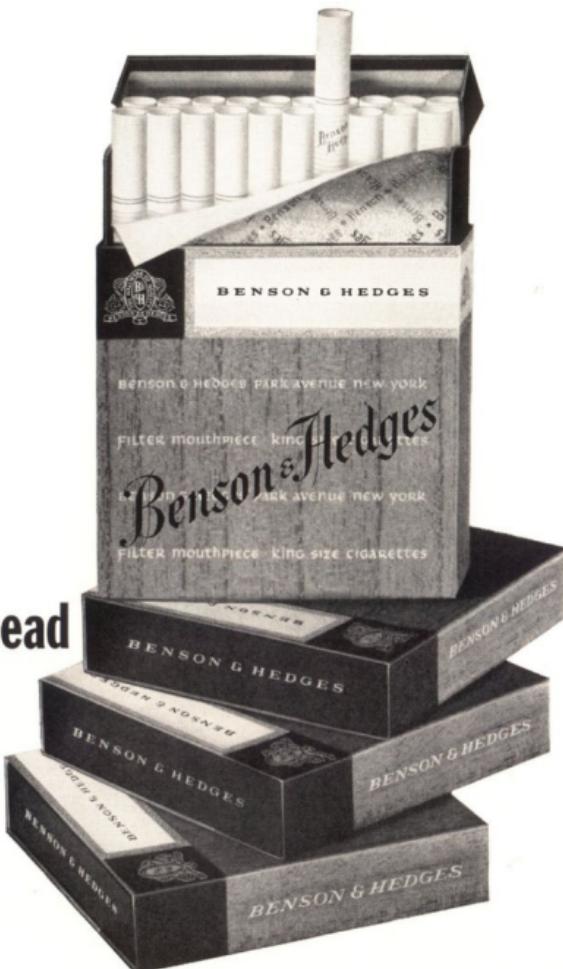
Days per week auto driven to work? _____ One way distance is _____

Is car used in business other than to or from work? Yes No

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Age	Relation	Married or Single	% of Use
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			20

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terrible time he gave himself. He lived through one winter in a windy cabin in the New Jersey woods within horseback ride of the Princeton library. Theories about food and sex complicated his life. Food was either all vegetables or, for a time, all meat. Once his wife tried to kill herself with a pistol. For one thing, she was depressed about life in a snowbound cabin on a no-sex basis.

To Sinclair the obvious answer to this sort of thing was to found a Socialist colony, which he did in 1906 in a former private school in New Jersey named Helicon Hall. It was an improvement on the cabin, but troubles persisted. Drunk artists turned up; the press wrote stories about free love. Young Sinclair Lewis quit Yale to work there as a furnace tender for a month and proposed to Upton's blonde secretary (she turned him down). The school building burned down, and the Sinclairs joined another colony in Arden, Del., where one idealist turned up with two suitcases full of manuscripts and left with Sinclair's wife. Another, an anarchist shoemaker, insisted on discussing the physiology of sex in mixed company. Expelled by the comrades, the vengeful cobbler laid an information against the colony for violation of the Delaware Sabbath observance laws, and Sinclair spent 18 hours on the rockpile.

Sinclair's public career was something of an anticlimax. The titles of two Sinclair books tell the sad story: *I, Governor of California—and How I Ended Poverty* (1933) and *I, Candidate for Governor—and How I Got Licked* (1935).

Does old Sinclair have more than an inkling of his own character? A sonnet he chooses to quote suggests that he does. "Child," apostrophizes Poet Harry Kemp, whose ear, like Sinclair's own, was of pure tin,

... be true
To that which makes a sincere man
of you.

No man has ever been so sincere for 84 years. It is a pity that, as Edith Cavell observed of patriotism, sincerity is not enough.

Escape Hatch

Earth, Air, Fire and Water (216 pp.)
—Alexander Eliot—Simon & Schuster (\$5).

Anyone who dares to delve into the condition of 20th century American life is most probably doing it to earn a doctorate. Not so Author Alexander Eliot, 43, an out-of-place, out-of-sorts, self-styled recluse who, on the pine-clad slopes of Mount Pentelikon, near Athens, pondered the question, put down his answer in the dozen meditations of this new book.

Winds of Legend. Anxiety in Americans, says Eliot, stems from their "basically sound awareness that pleasure is not joy." Money can buy pleasure but joy costs more, and can be gained only through "creative work and love." In his personal search for these elusive commodities, Eliot quit his job after 15 years

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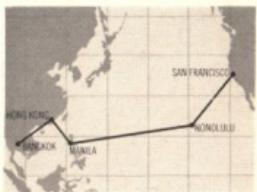
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as Art editor at TIME, and fled the U.S. for the Mediterranean littoral.

Descended from a long line of scholars headed by his great-grandfather, who was president of Harvard and editor of the five-foot shelf, Eliot ignores headlines and the cold war and makes his study nature. What he finds—from the eagle-hung abyss below Delphi to the song of the local vegetable man—delights him, and he passes on his delight to the reader in prose that is sometimes eloquent, sometimes merely latter-day inspirational. "The stars rained down their incandescent spears in sharply patterned salvoes upon Mount Pentelikon and me. Staggering a little with my face uplifted, rapt in the ringing of a dark-silver gong, I felt the winds of legend sweep between my ribs, and the fires of yearning and the tongues of dread."

His eye ranges widely and perceptively over ideas and legend. It may light on the aging Admiral Christopher Columbus, appearing on deck in the darkest watch of night "hollow-eyed and crumpled, like a dry, wind-driven, scurrying leaf." Or on Diogenes: "His castle was an upended winevat by the gates of Corinth. Alexander the Great called on him there. All radiant, the Conqueror leaned down across the neck of his white charger, doffed his golden helmet and inquired what he might do for Diogenes. 'Move on,' Apollo's man suggested. 'You're in my light.'"

Secret Heart. In trying to prove his thesis that ancient myths embody intuitive wisdom that is only now being proved out, Eliot indulges himself in many a long reach. Aphrodite, goddess of love, was able to renew her virginity simply by bathing in the sea. Now "astrophysicists relate that our life-giving sun renews its virginity also, by dint of a circular chain reaction. Every nucleus of carbon and nitrogen in the sun returns to its pure state once in five million years." This is ingenious rather than convincing, provocative rather than wise. And in his secret heart, Eliot knows it for the word game it is. But like the juggler who danced before the altar, Eliot is giving praise to the wonder of creation in his own way.

For Children

Brilliant good intentions glare out from the bright pages of this year's children's books, but most are sad failures, lacking equally in anything resembling either joy or pain. Publishers are like elderly relatives who come to visit—they coo, they tweak too many cheeks. Worse than relatives, they also play up to parents by dropping names, and they charge high prices to do it: this year's list includes several books for very small children that cost upwards of \$3, putting an unnaturally high price on a child's natural impulse for destruction.

A Is for Awful. Among the books most bragged about are the most notable flops. Jean Stafford's *Elephi* is repellently saccharine, worse even than Lesley Frost's (the poet's daughter) *Really Not Really*, in which life (really) and fantasy (not really) are carefully trussed into sweet



SIDJAKOV'S DRUMMER BOY
A few are worth a tot's time.

little packages. Poets Ogden Nash and Phyllis McGinley, both of whom are capable of better things, have written companion books (*Girls Are Silly and Boys Are Awful*) that are silly and awful.

The bulk of the season's books appear to have been written in an afternoon, then printed early next morning. There are countless books filled with topical trivia, like *Countdown for Cindy*, the story of a blushing girl astronaut. There are stacks of books so eerily old-fashioned that their manuscripts must have been found in somebody's attic, like *Susan Peck, Late of Boston*. And there are mountains of dull and dutiful books dedicated to teaching children everything from fishing to fission. Mostly, there are far too many books whose size and gaudy color will no doubt divert the uncertain shopper's eye from the enduring children's classics. But among the 1,600 children's books published in the U.S. last year are a few that are the best in years:

NUTSHELL LIBRARY, by Maurice Sendak (*Harper & Row*; \$2.95), is a box of four delights, tiny enough for a child to hide away and keep. All the stories are both written and illustrated by Sendak, who is the Picasso of children's books, and each of them has a function: one teaches counting, another the alphabet, a third offers a strong moral (you should care), and the fourth praises the wonders of chicken soup with rice.

THE MEANEST SQUIRREL I EVER MET, by Gene Zion, illustrated by Margaret Bloy Graham (*Scribner*; \$3), is a shy warning that there are mean squirrels in the forest, too. Hero Squirrel has all his nuts stolen by M. O. (for Mean Old) Squirrel, who tries to sell them at the Squirrel Café, but is politely scolded, reforms and, in the end, teaches the little squirrels how to play ice hockey with a hazel nut.

LITTLE OWL, by Reiner Zimnick, illustrated by Hanne Axmann (*Athenaeum*; \$3.50), is a translation from German of a

tale about a peeping-owl. The illustrations convey with charm and mystery a mocking view of the foolish fears that isolate adults from the pleasant world of children and small animals.

SLEEP BOOK, by Dr. Seuss (*Random House*; \$2.95), is his best in years. Its illustrations are properly outlandish, and its verses are zany and catchy enough for many rereadings. It is to be read to a child in bed in the hope of encouraging him to join the rest of the animal kingdom in slumber; so:

Everywhere, creatures have shut off their voices.

They've all gone to bed in the beds of their choices.

They're sleeping in bushes.

They're sleeping in crannies. Some on their stomachs and some on their fannies.

THE EMPEROR AND THE DRUMMER BOY, by Ruth Robbins, illustrated by Nicolas Sidjakov (*Parnassus*; \$3.25), beautifully embroiders the story of Napoleon's visit to Boulogne in 1804, when he ordered a review of his ships at sea in a storm. Few returned, but among them was a boy who floated to shore on his drum. The illustrations are the year's best.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS (*Simon & Schuster*; \$9.95) is an artful success in putting into a box the same wonders he now and then broadcasts on television. Five seven-inch records accompany a lively, learned introduction to music theory and appreciation, employing fragments from Bach, Haydn, Brahms and Prokofiev, among others.

THE CRYSTAL CABINET, ed. by Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston*; \$3.50), is a tasteful and intelligent anthology of lyric poetry that mixes old favorites with surprising curiosities such as E. E. Cummings' *Doll's Asleep* and a translation from the Chinese by Ezra Pound.

The Crowell-Collier's *Modern Masters* series has six new books at \$1.95 each (TIME, Nov. 9), by such capable hands as Phyllis McGinley and John Ciardi, each written with a carefully limited vocabulary to suit young readers. The best of the lot is Robert Graves's *THE BIG GREEN BOOK*, a remarkable example of how much can be told in simple words—338 of them, in this case.

An even finer job is Macmillan's new series of six fairy-tale collections at \$1.95 each. Included are Grimm, Oscar Wilde and Hans Christian Andersen, with introductions by Randall Jarrell, John Updike, Isak Dinesen and Elizabeth Bowen. The illustrations are most suitable, and so, particularly, is Updike in an introduction to Wilde's *The Young King*. "Through these stories you will enter a world where a king properly wears a beggar's rags and where a cracked heart of lead and a dead bird are the most precious things in the city. Is this too strange? Or have you, in fact, always known it to be true?"

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